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### THE COLONIZATION OF TEXAS

THE above title refers, not to the original Spanish colonization of Texas, but to its later Anglo-American colonization, which had much more important results. It is a singularity in the formation or growth of our Union, not often called to mind by the rising generation, that one of our States, only thirty-five years ago, was politically speaking a nation, which, though it had had a career of but ten years, and a population which barely amounted to myriads, had undergone the vicissitudes of war, diplomatic complications, party strife, and local insurrection, and was recognized as independent by three of the leading governments of the world, as well as by others less potent. It claimed and brought into this Union an area equal to half of the inhabited portion of the original thirteen States when their independence was accomplished; yet its numbers and resources were so meagre in proportion to the stand it took, that its brief existence as a nation seems like a farce on the stage of history. Such, however, it was not, viewing it as a whole; for, though its history abounds in farcical episodes, which I have no desire to suppress, the importance of what it achieved, and of what resulted therefrom, forbids any sweeping application of contemptuous terms. As I have endeavored to show in a former article (*MAG. OF AM. HIST.*, iv. 5), San Jacinto was the first link in that historic chain which ended with Gettysburg.

In earlier articles I have given a synopsis of the revolt of Texas against Mexico, with some of its minor episodes, and, in my last, an outline of the campaign of 1836. I had contemplated making in this article a compendious sketch of the history of the short-lived Republic, but I find it advisable first to devote a separate paper to what went before that history, and ushered in the national embryo.

Texas, after its conquest from the aborigines, was never out of the possession of Spain till Mexico became independent. La Salle, the French explorer, claimed the merit of discovery some time after the section was occupied by Spain, and planted a small settlement on the coast of Texas,

near La Vaca Bay, an intrusion which the actual possessors of the province soon punished, in the Spanish mode, by extermination. It was a rather informal but very effective way of extinguishing a squatter title, and the claim which France for a time set up to the boundary of the Rio Grande for Louisiana, in consequence of La Salle's brief intrusion two hundred miles east of that river, was the most impudent of false pretences, so much so that it was dropped long before Louisiana was acquired by the United States, and the very shadow of it was renounced by that Government when it acquired Florida. That piece of old Bourbon assumption, however, was surpassed by President Tyler when he sought to revive it by coining the word *re-annexation*.

The word Texas, or Tejas, has a meaning in Spanish,<sup>1</sup> yet, in its geographical sense, it was probably derived from the name of an Indian tribe. Though it is no longer found in that connection, there are faint traces of such an origin on record. The tract of country known by that name, with a much smaller area than it now has, was, under the Spanish Government, a province of the Vice Royalty of Mexico. When the independence of Mexico was established, and a Federal Constitution, modelled after our own, was adopted, the province of Texas, not having sufficient population by itself, was included with the province of Coahuila for the formation of a State, which was called the State of Coahuila and Texas. This duality of name was preserved to indicate the intention of erecting the section called Texas into a separate State when its growth of population and resources should justify such a measure. At this time the western boundary of Texas was the Nueces, the country between that river and the Rio Grande, then almost uninhabited, belonging partly to Coahuila and partly to the State of Tamaulipas. This formation of States occurred in 1824. At that time only a fraction of Texas was peopled, and, setting aside the Indians, who were not numerous, the section had only a Spanish-American population, occupying the little towns of San Antonio, Goliad, and Nacogdoches, with the farms and grazing ranchos around each. These three settlements, whose topographical bearing to each other may be represented by the points of a long triangle, were from a hundred to three hundred miles apart. This Mexican population of Texas did not then, I think, exceed seven or eight thousand souls.

Under the Spanish Government all immigration from foreign countries had been prohibited; but, shortly after independence was achieved, the door, under certain restrictions, was opened. Conditional grants of land for colonization were made to Stephen F. Austin and others, who were authorized to introduce settlers, and put them in possession of ample tracts,

the title of each to be perfected by the colonist by making it available for tillage or grazing. The allowance of land was liberal, being a square league to each head of a family, and one-quarter as much to each unmarried settler; and the "empresario," or colonizing manager, received premium leagues according to the number of settlers he secured. In connection with these grants certain conditions were required of alien settlers, more rigid in form than in execution. The principal one was that each colonist and his family should conform to the Roman Catholic Church, but hardly a nominal enforcement of this was ever carried out.

Of those "empresarios" of Texas, the only one who claims historical importance was Stephen F. Austin, who ought to rank high among the obscure great men who have worked out vast results from small beginnings, by dint of foresight, perseverance, and fortitude. Few men ever possessed the quality of energetic equanimity in a higher degree. His life in full has never been written, but an admirable sketch of it has lately appeared from the pen of his nephew, the Hon. Guy M. Bryan, a former member of Congress from Texas. It was written for the "Encyclopedia of the New West," and appeared in the *Galveston News* of June 17, 1880.

There are errors of construction, as well as of reconstruction, of which latter we have had experience. The mistake of Mexico in this measure was not in seeking to colonize some parts of her domain with a more enlightened and energetic race than her own, but in planting such colonies in a frontier province adjoining the country whence the immigrants had come. She overlooked the attraction of like to like, aided by proximity, and the tendency of such new population to break off its new connection and reattach to the old one.

In consequence of the contracts and grants just mentioned, and the admission of foreigners to naturalization in the ordinary way, and the facility for squatting, Texas in a few years acquired an Anglo-American population much larger than that of native origin. Thriving settlements grew up on each of the rivers, from the Sabine to the Nueces. With the exception of two Irish villages, one on and the other some miles east of the latter stream, this alien population was almost wholly Anglo-American. In it were found refugees from criminal justice, and more refugees from the creditors' duns; but the former class, at least, was not so numerous as the rumor of that day asserted. The objectionable population was less numerous in the West than the East, for, in the former, immigration came in mainly under the colonizing contracts, and the empresarios were cautious in regard to the character of any man to whom they granted land. If he had merely fled to avoid the

payment of a ruinous security debt, his catechism was not rigid ; but only in exceptional cases could a jail-bird pass. I never heard of but one instance in which Stephen F. Austin admitted to his colony a man known to have led a criminal life, and that man made an appeal which the empresario could not resist. "I own," said the refugee, "that I have been a felon, but my family never shared my guilt, and ought not to suffer for it. I am weary of evil-deeds and their penalties. Here is the only asylum where I can hope to mend my ways and lead an honest life. If you reject me, you make me a criminal for the rest of my days, and I am lost." Austin yielded. The man received his land, and, though his mere personal habits and manners did not much improve, he never fell back into criminal courses. Though the proportion of such refugees was not large enough to tell seriously on the coloring of the mass, it was sufficient to offer an interesting subject of study. There were some cases in which the opportunity for a new life seemed to work thorough regeneration in the depraved ; others, where a single and almost accidental error, which otherwise would have been ruinous, was nobly retrieved ; and some also where a self-sacrificing family sought exile to hide the disgrace of one.

The position of that colonized population was anomalous. They had become citizens of a country whose language they did not understand, whose laws were to them mainly a sealed book. They had joined a people from whose masses, and in a measure from whose authorities, they were isolated. They elected, as permitted by the laws of Mexico, their own *alcaldes* ; but those magistrates had in a great measure to dispense with written law, and equity not uninjuriously took its place. In cases where rules of law seemed indispensable, it was not unusual for the two parties to agree for the trial of their question according to the laws of some State of our Union, it mattered little what State, and it was generally the only State whose printed laws were within reach of those concerned. The difficulty of litigation, I think, tended to make it less frequent, and to create a preference for the kind of arbitration which Spanish law wisely sanctions. There was little call for criminal law, except for acts of violence, for larceny and other petty crimes, which are the pest of cities, are not usually rife among men of the woods and prairies. Assaults in such communities are apt to take the shape of private affairs. Some homicides are substitutes for executions, and are allowed to pass as such ; but when of an atrocious character, demanding blood for blood, public indignation often simplifies and shortens the process of law. But in that era of Texas, I think, no case of individual punishment of crime ever led to a vendetta. In a new country, peopled as that was, clanship and hereditary resentment have no root for



starting a succession of homicides ; each one begetting another like those which have long prevailed in Corsica.

Slavery was prohibited in Mexico about five years after the Constitution was adopted ; but there was then no negro slavery for the decree to act on, except a very limited amount of it in the extreme South, and the colonies of Texas ; for some of the American settlers, already established there, had brought slaves with them. On an urgent representation of their case by Stephen F. Austin, however, an exception to the operation of the decree of abolition in Texas was made by the Government, with the proviso that no more slaves should be introduced. The exception continued effective ; but the proviso was never observed, nor was its neglect ever rigidly inquired into. Slavery was a thing which occupied but little of the public attention in Mexico, and in the United States it had not yet become a divine institution at the South, or a " covenant with hell " in the North.

The number of slaves introduced before the Texan war of independence was not large, and the interest of their owners was not among the originators of that struggle ; for the largest slave-holders of the country shrank from the risk of the movement, and opposed it till it became too strong to be withstood. Soon after that struggle, and also for some years later, rumors prevailed in the North that large importations of Africans had been almost openly made into Texas, though the Constitution of the Republic forbade the introduction of slaves, except from the United States. The report was not wholly without foundation, but was greatly exaggerated. The few smugglings of Africans really made came by way of Cuba, and consisted of slaves just landed on that island. One of the first piracies of this kind was conducted by the notorious Monroe Edwards, who afterward died in one of the penitentiaries of this State ; and two other enterprises of similar character were about the same time carried out by men who acquired less notoriety. Of these affairs, one, I think, took place before the revolt, the others during its incipient stage, when the country was virtually in a state of anarchy. A few years after the Republic was established, but while its means of vigilance were weak, two or three other importations were made. These, I think, were the only introductions of Africans or of slaves from any other country than the United States ever made into Texas. None were made with the connivance of authority, and the whole number of negroes thus introduced probably did not exceed six hundred, less than had been at an earlier day smuggled into Florida. The people of Texas generally, though not zealous against such acts, were not in favor of them. There never was a time, since the divine institution existed, when some Yankee skippers could not have been found to smuggle in, and some South-

ern planters to buy, kidnapped Africans, if it could be done with as much safety as profit; for our national god, the almighty dollar, never took so demoralizing a shape as when embodied in the "nigger." But in the time I speak of, the extreme worshippers of the black idol formed a minority. The repugnance felt by the North for the infamous traffic was then largely shared by the South; but the feeling died rapidly away under the irrepressible conflict, and I fear it was nearly dead when our civil war commenced.

The treatment of the Anglo-American population of Texas by the Mexican Government, up to the time of Santa Anna's usurpation, was on the whole kind and indulgent. The feeling of that people toward that government was not hostile, but was restive and distrustful. There could be little faith in administrations known to be corrupt in all financial matters, and subject to periodical subversion. This unsettled feeling, quickened perhaps by designing men, drew the people of Texas, in 1832, into taking part in a civil conflict of Mexico so effectively that they captured from their garrisons three military posts, those of Velasco, Anahuac, and Nacogdoches, the former after a gallant fight on both sides; but in this movement the Texans happened to be on the winning side, and it passed off without doing them injury.

The frequent assertion that the colonizers of Texas went to that country with a deliberate design to steal it from the nation which gave them the use of it, may apply with some truth to a few far-seeing leaders and many idle adventurers, but not to the industrious masses. Most of the American settlers no doubt indulged vague visions of eventual annexation, but they felt willing to make the best of their union with Mexico, in the hope that a separate State Government would ere long afford them all reasonable facilities for home rule and local law.

That body of people during their colonial era would compare well in character, and still better as to intelligence and manners, with most of our frontier populations. They formed a community where door-locks were viewed as superfluities, whether bowie-knives were or not, and where every man's cattle were safe, whether the owner were or not. The lazy loafer and genteel sponge were not unknown, but had not degenerated into the latter-day tramp. In the colonial era, and in that of the Republic, duels now and then occurred, but were not so rife as they then were in some of our States. Since annexation created a State Constitution, however, a stringent oath, required of all who accept office, has put an end to old-fashioned duelling in Texas, and nothing worse than street fights and assassination has taken its place. If accurate statistics could be obtained, I believe it would be found that, in proportion to population, murder was far less frequent, and

was committed with less impunity in Texas during the early periods than it is now, and it is certain that highway robbery, now so rife, was then unknown. The state of society then was of a kind to be found only in a new country where climate, fertility, and general conditions made life easy and the habitual temper genial. I have heard old settlers, when in candid mood, own that colonial times were happier than those of the Republic. The frequent clouds of apprehension during the former weighed more lightly than the burdens and trials of the latter.

In 1835, Santa Anna, then President of Mexico, made use of the military power his position gave him to subvert the Federal Constitution of 1824, and convert his country into a Central Republic, he still retaining the Presidency, with dictatorial powers added to the office, ostensibly for the time being, but meant by him to be permanent. After distributing his garrisons skilfully, he initiated his design by drawing forth, from every locality and section he could overawe, what purported to be popular declarations in favor of the change he contemplated, all ending with supplications that he would adopt and lead the movement, and give effect to its object. None of those calls were spontaneous or sincere; yet only one State, Zacatecas, took any stand against the change which amounted to resistance. He moved promptly with a strong force against that State, defeated its troops, and captured its capital.

Santa Anna, not long before his movement began, gave to Stephen F. Austin an inkling of what he intended, by observing that Mexico must have a stronger and a cheaper government. Mexico, indeed, had committed a fearful blunder in seeking to imitate the United States. The latter adopted the federative principle to unite what was divided, while the former took it up to divide what was united. Santa Anna saw through the blunder, but the people did not. Could he have made the change he sought with their real consent, it would have been a wise one, but the way in which it was effected made it a barefaced usurpation. It was a death-blow to the dearest hope of Texas, that of having an autonomy of her own. Lack of numbers had up to this time kept her out of the rank of States, and now the rank itself was abolished. It gives a half comic aspect to the case that, although too weak for a State, self-preservation soon compelled her to swell up into a nation.

Texas was now filled with agitation, which did not yet amount to insurrection, a peril which the sober-minded majority still hoped to avoid. She had given in no formal submission to the change of government, nor did she yet resist it; and she had no organization through which protest or resistance could take action. Being a mere geographical section of a State,

she had no representative body, and Don Lorenzo Zavala, the Mexican refugee patriot, whose history I have already sketched, suggested that such an assemblage should be improvised, in the best way it might be, as a substitute for the suppressed legislature of the State whereof Texas was an un-submissive portion. Action on this suggestion, which created the body called the Consultation, was the nearest approach that was made to a movement of State sovereignty, to which ignorant politicians were wont to liken the revolution of Texas. Of the action of the Consultation I have spoken in former articles. The revolt of Texas was the rising of a feeble frontier province against a governmental change to which an extensive country had submitted, with no other than local resistance, and generally without strong local protest; and very plausible argument might be urged against the right of Texas to make a movement so presumptuous; but I have already endeavored to show that the insurgents, from their own point of view, were fully justified in the action they took by the situation in which they were placed. The Consultation, as I have related, provided for a convention, which met, declared independence, framed a constitution, and then, before its ink was dry, fled for their lives. The declaration was a weak document, because it used many words when but few were needed; but the organic law was better than many which have been framed under less distracting circumstances. It did not provide for a powerless executive or an elective judiciary, but in the legislative branch it followed the error of all of our States in creating two Houses of Representatives, instead of making one of them a true Senate. When both branches of the legislative body are elected by the same constituency to represent precisely the same element, it would be cheaper to have but one. Simplicity merits the preference when nothing is gained by complexity, as would be done by giving a separate voice to the reflective and to the impulsive element of the community.

My earlier articles have given an outline of the revolt of Texas, its early successes, later disasters, and final triumph. I have in my last related in some detail the campaign of 1836, whose shifting scenes ended with a fullness of dramatic catastrophe seldom equalled by fiction on the mimic stage. Stepping over those events, I take up the narrative at the time of Houston's departure for New Orleans, when he left Texas free of invaders and Santa Anna still a prisoner.

The Government of Texas, after the victory of San Jacinto, had emerged from its insular place of refuge, and, after a brief sojourn in Houston's camp, repaired to Velasco, a hamlet at the mouth of the Brazos, where it went into feeble operation. This was the sixth place of its encampment since the revolution broke out. A few months later it removed to

Columbia, a place some twenty miles up the river, and thence, early the next year, to the new town of Houston. Two years later its location was changed to the newer city of Austin, where, with one interruption, it has remained ever since.

David G. Burnet, the Provisional and First President of Texas, was elected for the provisional term of one year by the convention which framed the constitution. He was a native of New Jersey, a gentleman and scholar, a sincere patriot and devout Christian, and, withal, a good hater, especially of Sam Houston, who reciprocated the passion. Though eloquent, and in some things sagacious, and in many ways gifted, Burnet was better endowed with every other kind of sense than hard common sense.

At the time on which I am now entering, Filozoli had effected in safety the retreat for which Houston had bargained with Santa Anna. He was nearly over the Rio Grande, and no Mexican troops remained in the inhabited parts of Texas, except the prisoners, who, in the course of a year, were all released, when all of those who belonged to the ranks remained voluntarily in the country. At Velasco, where Santa Anna was held a prisoner of State, President Burnet, about five weeks after the battle, gave a finish to Houston's expedient by making, with the captive President of Mexico, what was called a treaty. Though I have already mentioned this affair, it may not be amiss to refer to it more fully. By the provisions of the compact the powerless prisoner acknowledged the independence of Texas, with the Rio Grande for its southwestern boundary, and pledged himself, on being released, to exert what authority and influence he might have left, to secure the acceptance of these terms by the Mexican Government. Though there was now ample reason for the liberation, and the treaty could do no harm, it seems strange that any one who knew aught of Santa Anna and of Mexico could have hoped for anything from this personal agreement; yet Burnet was sanguine of its complete success. "In six months our consular flag will be flying in the City of Mexico," he exultingly exclaimed, on June 1st, when Santa Anna bade him adieu, and went on board the Texan schooner *Invincible* to sail for Vera Cruz. Unfortunately for the testing of the experiment, a local popular feeling against it was made effective by the protest of a body of volunteers lately arrived from New Orleans, and then encamped at Velasco. Their commander, Gen. Jeff. Green, though he had been but a few days in the country, was willing to take charge of its State affairs. A strong reaction against the sparing of Santa Anna had set in among the ruffianly element of Texas, which was willing to turn the captive over to the hangman after all the use had been made of him that could be, and the fresh volunteers from abroad, who were now taking the place of the



soldiers of San Jacinto, caught the feeling. It proved so strong at Velasco that the President was coerced into breaking his pledge and revoking his order for embarkation; and, when Santa Anna refused to land, he was brought on shore by Gen. Green with force of arms. Fortunately for the credit of Texas no other violence than this was committed. If Burnet's hopes were not sagacious, the opposition to his intent was neither sensible nor honorable. Houston himself had done away with all right to make the prisoner an object of punishment or reprisal. If the sparing of him was a fault, his execution now would be a crime. He was already a burden on the country—the hyena had grown into an elephant; his liberation now could at least do no harm, and if a pledge were coupled with it, the only benefit from it to be hoped for was in letting him reach his home before his influence there had all evaporated. The affair shows how dangerous the condition of a community is when too much sovereignty is floating loosely about; and it is worthy of remembrance, because it became the basis of the shallowest of fallacies in the U. S. Congress as well as in the press. One of the pleas set up, after annexation, for the boundary of the Rio Grande, was this treaty made with an individual while in bonds, and broken by the makers of it before he had time to act on his pledge.

Santa Anna's captivity continued about six months longer, when Houston, after he became President, got rid of the elephant by an unconditional liberation. Considering the weakness of authority and the state of society in Texas, it reflects no little credit on that country that the pledge of leaders and a feeble guard were sufficient to keep the captive in safety up to that time.

Santa Anna's history abounds in those anomalies of fact, which, if introduced into fiction, would make it seem absurdly improbable. His ferocious course in Texas was not in harmony with his previous career which had not been marked by inhumanity. His career in the field was at times highly successful, yet he often showed a lack of personal bravery and sagacity. During successive periods of one, two, or more years, he exercised a control, almost absolute, over a country in which no intelligent person believed in his honesty or patriotism; every fall he met with, it was supposed, would send him final obscurity; yet till energy of body and mind were subdued by age, he evinced a capacity for recuperation which has seldom clung to a wiser leader and purer patriot.

General Houston returned to Texas as early as his condition permitted, and was soon after elected to the first term of the regular Presidency, Mirabeau B. Lamar being chosen Vice-President. Zavala did not live out that eventful year, and his death was in a few months followed by that of Gen.

Austin. Burnet did not serve out his full term, but resigned in October, 1836, when Houston was inaugurated. The term of the first regular President was two years, all succeeding terms to be three, and no one could serve two consecutive terms.

The battle of San Jacinto broke the power of Mexico for offensive warfare, for that disaster awakened revolutionary elements which taxed the resources of the country to keep them down, and no invasion of Texas worthy of the name thereafter occurred. A formidable expedition in that direction was long contemplated by Mexico; but with distractions and misgovernment she grew so rapidly weaker that every effort failed. During the few years between Houston's victory and annexation, raids were made by Texas against Mexico, as well by the latter against the former: they served only to show that offensive operations were hopeless to both, but most disastrous to the feebler of the two. The safety of the new Republic was owing, not to her own wisdom or discretion, but to the weakness of her enemy, and an abnormal source of growth in the migration from the United States. Yet, in spite of this prop, had Mexico possessed power proportionate to her numbers and natural resources, Texas must soon have been crushed; and had the war been conducted according to civilized rules, foreign intervention would not have saved her.

About five months after Houston's inauguration the independence of Texas was acknowledged by the United States, and this act lifted the new Republic from the pariah condition of a mere insurrectionary population, with no status of authority which could be recognized beyond her own borders. One government, and that the most potent of the New World, now saluted her as having entered the sisterhood of nations. The outcome of events showed that about the same time Mexico's real hope of conquest died within her, though she would not yet own it to herself, nor for several years own it to the world. Here, then, with the immediate results of colonial revolt, this article may fitly end, as it is penned to introduce another, to which I referred in the beginning.

R. M. POTTER

<sup>1</sup> *Texa*, or *Teja* (two modes of spelling with the same sound), is a word current among miners and smelters for a rough piece of silver or other metal, formed by pouring it out on the ground when molten; and the addition of *s* forms the plural. But as *Texas* probably received the name before any mining was there attempted, and has never been much of a mining country, the name could hardly have originated from the Spanish meaning of the word.

## WHALE-BOAT PRIVATEERSMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

There was one phase of our revolutionary struggle peculiar in itself, and as interesting as a romance because of the skill, heroism and enterprise it developed, which historians have failed to limn in striking and positive colors, partly, perhaps, because the necessary data were difficult to obtain, and partly because the subject was not deemed of sufficient importance to justify so great an expenditure of labor. I refer to the whale-boat warfare waged chiefly between the Tories of Long Island and the Whigs of the seaboard towns of Connecticut, and carried on across the waters of the narrow sound that separated the hostile parties. This warfare began with the outbreak of hostilities in 1775, continued to the peace of 1783, and affected the entire coasts of both communities, from Stamford to New London on the Connecticut shore, and from Throgg's Neck to Sag Harbor on the Long Island coast. The Cowboys and Skinners of the lower Hudson were organized gangs of plunderers, who harried friend and foe impartially. The warfare between Staten Island and the New Jersey shore was largely a neighborhood skirmish, the partisan warfare at the south a conflict of clans; but the whale-boat service of the Sound combined the characteristics of all three, and to these added several peculiar features of its own, such as spying on the enemy, trading in goods declared contraband by the British, and abducting prominent gentlemen to be held as hostages or for exchange. As for the origin of this peculiar service, it is found in the political condition of the two communities at the outbreak of hostilities, and in the organizations known as whaling companies, which could be employed only in a predatory, intermittent warfare. Connecticut was intensely Puritan and republican; Long Island, settled by the conservative Dutch and by English gentlemen whose sympathies were entirely with the mother country, was as intensely monarchical and loyal. The guns of Lexington made these two communities bitter enemies.

The whaling companies of which mention has been made had existed all along shore, on both sides of the Sound, from the earliest times, and were very perfect organizations in their way. They were originally formed for the capture of whales, at one time as plentiful in the Sound as later in Delagoa Bay or on the Brazil Banks. Even the Indians were

engaged in their pursuit, and a law was passed as early as 1708 for their protection from any molestation or detention while thus employed. A company comprised from twelve to thirty men, each owning its boats and whaling gear, and prosecuting its enterprise independently of the others. The business long neglected was renewed by Robert Murray and the brothers Franklin, who fitted out a sloop in 1768. In 1772 the vessels were exempted from tonnage dues, and 1774 the United Whaling Company was formed with Philip Livingston for its President. It seems to have been closed in July, 1776, by such of the members as remained in the city of New York. The business had nearly died out at the beginning of the Revolution, yet the company organizations were still retained, and the outbreak of hostilities found little squads of men all along shore thoroughly equipped and drilled for a partisan service. No general combination seems to have been effected; the Tories usually acting under commissions from the British authorities, and the Whigs as a part of the militia of their State. The objects of the different expeditions, as before hinted, were various; sometimes they took the form of reprisals on the enemy, sometimes they carried spies, who penetrated the hostile ranks, and returned with valuable information. Again, they captured prominent persons, who were held as hostages or as prisoners of war. Sometimes they were expeditions against the enemy's war vessels, garrisoned posts or military supplies, and not infrequently, it is to be feared, they degenerated into mere plundering excursions.

Having thus glanced at the pre-existing conditions of the warfare, it will be interesting to consider in detail some of the more noteworthy exploits of these hardy privateersmen. First, and perhaps the most remarkable of these, was the expedition of the lamented Capt. Nathan Hale, whose tragic story, often told, seems to gain fresh interest with each recital. Washington, it will be remembered, after his retreat from Long Island, desired a thoroughly competent person to visit the enemy's camp and report his numbers, and plans in full. Captain Hale, young, talented, but two years out of college, the idol of the army, volunteered his services. "I have been nearly a year in the service without doing anything of moment for my country, and now that an opportunity offers I dare not refuse," he said in answer to the remonstrances of his friends. Washington accepted the sacrifice, and the chivalrous young patriot at once began preparations for the enterprise. To cross over directly from New York to Brooklyn into the enemy's camp would court discovery, but to pass eastward into some of the Connecticut towns, thence cross the Sound by means of the whale-boat

service, and so approach the hostile camp from among its friends, offered a fair prospect of success; and this plan Captain Hale adopted. He chose Fairfield, Conn., as his point of departure. This town was then one of the first importance, and exerted as much influence in State affairs as either New Haven or Hartford. It was the centre of the republican cause in Western Connecticut, and, as will be seen, the nucleus of the whale-boat service, expeditions radiating from it in all directions except landward, like spokes from a hub. The ancient town was already in arms, its two militia companies were fully armed and equipped, a patrol of twenty seamen guarded the coast nightly from sunset to sunrise against Tory incursions, and two whale-boat crews had already been out spying the enemy's movements and harrassing him whenever an opportunity offered. Captain Hale arrived in the town on the 14th of September, 1776, bearing a letter from General Washington, instructing any of the American armed vessels to speed his passage across the Sound. Presenting this letter to the town Committee of Safety, a whale-boat and its crew were at once put in requisition, and that same night he was safely and secretly conveyed to the island, and reached Huntington early next morning, from which place he succeeded in penetrating the British lines. His subsequent movements and sad fate are too well known to need recapitulation here. After this episode no further action of importance is found in the annals of the service until the August of 1777. In the beginning of that year a company of Tories, under Colonel Richard Hewlett, took possession of the old Presbyterian Church in Brookhaven on Long Island, nearly opposite Fairfield, and proceeded to fortify it, surrounding it with a stockade and other defensive works. Early in August Colonel Abraham Parsons, who later rose to the command of a brigade in General Putnam's division, began collecting a force in Fairfield for the reduction of this novel fortress. Having mustered one hundred and fifty men, provided with muskets and one brass six-pounder, he embarked from Black Rock Harbor in Fairfield in a sloop and six whale-boats for the purpose of capturing the Tory stronghold. It was the evening of the 14th of August, 1777, and before daybreak next morning they had landed at Crane Neck Bend, near the village. Here leaving their boats, they marched quickly to the church, dragging the six-pounder through the sands. Arrived at a proper distance, the detachment halted, and a flag of truce was sent to Colonel Hewlett, demanding an unconditional surrender. This being refused, fire was opened at once, and returned in a spirited manner by the besieged. Before anything could be accom-



plished, however, word was brought that a British fleet was sailing down the Sound, and fearing that his retreat might be cut off, Colonel Parsons ordered his detachment to the boats. They reembarked in good order and reached Black Rock the same evening, bringing with them no trophies except a few of the enemy's horses and some military stores. For the next year and a half the whale-boat service was chiefly employed in spying on the enemy, cutting off his unarmed vessels, making plundering incursions into his lines, and harrassing him in much the same manner that the gad-fly torments the ox. Indeed, such was their enterprise, that no royalist on Long Island considered himself safe without an armed guard, and most of the British officers on the island repaired to New York and Brooklyn for protection.

In the spring of 1779 Sir Henry Clinton determined to pay off the Connecticut privateersmen in their own coin. General Gold Selleck Silliman, a descendant of an old Connecticut family, was then living at Holland Hill, a fine old country seat in the town of Fairfield, about two miles out of the village. He was one of the most prominent Whigs in his section. After the battle of Long Island, and before the army moved from New York, General Washington had given him the command of a brigade. Later Governor Trumbull made him his deputy in consultations with the Commander-in-Chief, and there is still extant a long letter from Washington to him, on matters connected with the army, written while he was acting in this capacity. He had been trained to the law, and as a delegate to the Continental Congress had done good service for the people. At the time of which I write he was a member of the town's Committee of Inspection and Correspondence, and had been appointed by the Governor and Council commander of all the State forces in the vicinity of Fairfield, his house at Holland Hill being retained as his headquarters. General Clinton now determined on his capture. He selected a man named Glover, a Tory refugee, formerly of Newtown, who had once worked for the General and knew him well, with eight other refugees, for this purpose. The party left Lloyd-Neck, L. I., in a whale-boat on the evening of the first of May, and reached Fairfield about midnight, when, leaving one man to guard the boat, the others surrounded the Silliman mansion and began rapping for admission. The journal of Mrs. Silliman contains so graphic an account of the attack and abduction that it is given in her own words:

"At a midnight hour, when we were all asleep, the house was attacked. I was first awakened by the General's calling out, 'Who's there?' At that instant there

was a banging at both doors, they intending to break them down or burst them open—and this was done with great stones as big almost as they could lift, which they left at the door. My dear companion then sprang up, caught his gun and ran to the front of the house, and as the moon shone brightly saw them through the window, and attempted to fire, but his gun only flashed and missed fire. At that instant the enemy burst in a window, sash and all, jumped in, seized him and said he was their prisoner, and must go with them. He asked if he might dress himself. They said yes, if he would be quick. They followed him into the bed-room, where I and my dear little boy lay, with their guns and bayonets fixed; their appearance was dreadful; it was then their prisoner addressed them in mild terms and begged them to leave the room, and told them their being there would frighten his wife. They then withdrew for a moment or two, and then returned, when he asked them out again and shut the door. After that I heard them breaking the windows, which they wantonly did with the breeches of their guns. They then asked him for his money; he told them he had none but continental, and that would do them no good. Then they wished his papers. He said his public papers were all sent abroad, and his private papers would be of no use to them. Then some wanted one thing and some another. He told them mildly he hoped he was in the hands of gentlemen, and that it was not their purpose to plunder. With these arguments he quieted them so that they plundered but little. They then told him he must go. He asked if he might take leave of his wife. They said yes if he would make haste—he then came in and dropped a bundle of his most valuable private papers under something on the table, took leave of me with great seeming fortitude and composure, and went away with them. As soon as I heard the door shut I arose and went to the bed-room of our son William, and found he was gone, although I did not hear any of them taking him. I then went to the door, and saw them bearing away their prisoners. I then went to inform those at the next house, when they fired a gun, which frightened the enemy very much, as they had not got above a quarter of a mile from our house. They took them down about two miles to their whaleboat, where they had left one man, and proceeded on their journey to Long Island. I heard nothing more from them in three weeks. After three weeks I received a letter from the General informing me where he was. I think they were then at Flatbush on Long Island. In that he told me where to send my letters to him for inspection, as no letters were suffered to pass without.

\* \* \* Nine men came over in the boat. They embarked between the hours of one and two o'clock Sabbath morning, and had a boisterous time over. They took a fusée, a pair of elegant pistols inlaid with silver, and an elegant sword which one of them who had worked at our house took much pleasure in flourishing about, and he it was who piloted them. On arriving at (Lloyd-Neck) Long Island they were hailed by Col. Simcoe, who commanded there, 'Have you got him?' 'Yes.' 'Have you lost any men?' 'No.' 'That's well,' said Simcoe. 'Your Sillimans and your Washingtons are not worth a man.' He then ordered his men to the

guard house with the prisoner. Said the General 'Am I going to the guard house?' 'Yes!' When they came there, he said to the adjutant, 'Is it thus you treat prisoners of my rank?' He said, 'We do not look on you as we should on a continental General.' 'But how will you view me when an exchange is talked of?' 'I understand you, Sir,' and walked out, as I suppose, to report to his commanding officer. Soon after a horse and carriage was sent to bring them to New York, guarded by a corps of dragoons. On his arrival all flocked to see the rebel. They gave him good lodgings until he was ordered to Flatbush, where he remained until exchanged for Judge Jones."

This bold abduction excited the liveliest commotion, not only in the town but throughout the State, and led to redoubled vigilance on the part of the coast guard, which had somewhat slackened in watchfulness as the days passed on and no enemy appeared. Negotiations were at once opened with the enemy for an exchange of their prisoner, but it was soon found that the Americans had no one in their possession whom the British would consider an equivalent for the General. In nowise disconcerted, however, the hardy privateersmen determined on capturing some person of equal rank, and began casting about for a prisoner. There was then living at Fort Neck, a village in the town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, the Hon. Thomas Jones, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province of New York, a staunch royalist; this gentleman was selected as a proper subject for their enterprise. Through the golden autumn days a plan was slowly matured in the village. Captain David Hawley, one of the most skillful captains in the service, aided by Captains Lockwood and Jones, quietly enlisted twenty-five of the bravest men in their commands, and on the evening of the 4th of November, 1779, set off in whale-boats from Newfield (now Bridgeport) Harbor. A few hours brought them across the Sound, and into Stony Brook Creek near Smithtown, where they disembarked and at once set out for the Judge's residence, fifty-two miles distant. They arrived there about nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th. A merry party had assembled at the mansion, music and dancing were in progress, and the noise effectually prevented the approach of the party from being heard. Captain Hawley knocked at the door, but perceiving that no one heard him, forced it, entered and found Judge Jones standing in the hall. Telling the Judge that he was his prisoner, he forced him to depart with him, together with a young man named Hewlett. According to the journal above quoted, the party met with several adventures on their return to the boats. At one place they had to pass a guard of soldiers posted near the road. Here the Judge hemmed

very loud, whereupon Captain Hawley forbade him to repeat the sound. He, however, repeated it, but on being told that a repetition would be attended by fatal consequences he desisted, and the picket was passed in safety. When day broke the adventurers concealed themselves in a thick forest until nightfall, and then resumed their journey. They reached their boats on the third night, and crossed to Black Rock with their prisoners, having met with no mishap except the loss of six men, who, having lagged behind on the third night, were captured by the light horse which closely pursued them. Mrs. Silliman, a most amiable and accomplished lady, hearing of the Judge's arrival, sent him an invitation to breakfast, which he accepted, and during his stay in Fairfield he was the guest of the mansion, its fair mistress doing all in her power to make his situation agreeable; yet we are told that he remained distant, reserved and sullen. After several days he was removed to Middletown on the Connecticut, and negotiations were again opened for an exchange. It was six months, however, before the British would accept the terms proposed; but at length, in May, 1780, they agreed that if a certain notorious refugee, named Washburn, could be included in the exchange, they would release General Silliman for Judge Jones, and his son for Mr. Hewlett. A very pleasant incident of the transfer of the prisoners is recorded. The vessel bearing General Silliman met the one conveying Judge Jones in the middle of the Sound, whereupon the vessels were brought to, and the gentlemen dined amicably together, after which they proceeded to their respective homes.

A little more than a year elapsed, and then the village was stirred by the departure of another expedition, bound on a still more hazardous service. It consisted of eighty men, part of them dismounted dragoons from Colonel Sheldon's regiment, and was under the command of Major, afterwards Colonel, Benjamin Tallmadge, who will be remembered as attending Major André at the scaffold, and afterwards as a representative in Congress from Connecticut for sixteen years. The object of the expedition was Fort St. George, erected on a point projecting into the Great South Bay at Mastic, L. I. The party embarked at Fairfield November 21, 1780, at 4 P. M., in eight whale-boats. "They crossed the Sound in four hours, and landed at Old-Man's at nine o'clock. The troops had marched about five miles, when, it beginning to rain, they returned and took shelter under their boats, and lay concealed in the bushes all that night and the next day. At evening, the rain abating, the troops were again put in motion, and at

three o'clock in the morning were within two miles of the fort. Here he divided his men into three parties, ordering each to attack the fort at the same time at different points. The order was so well executed that the three divisions arrived nearly at the same time. It was a triangular inclosure of several acres, thoroughly stockaded, well barricaded houses at two of the angles, and at the third a fort, with a deep ditch and wall, encircled by an abattis of sharpened pickets projecting at an angle of forty-five degrees. The stockade was cut down, the column led through the grand parade, and in ten minutes the main fort was carried by the bayonet. The vessels near the fort, laden with stores, attempted to escape, but the guns of the fort being brought to bear upon them, they were secured and burnt, as were the works and stores. The number of prisoners was fifty-four, of whom seven were wounded. While they marched to the boats under an escort, Major Tallmadge proceeded with the remainder of the detachment, destroyed about three hundred tons of hay collected at Corum, and returned to the place of debarkation just as the party with the prisoners arrived, and reached Fairfield by eleven o'clock the same evening, having accomplished the enterprise, including a march of forty miles by land and as much by water, without the loss of a man."

For this exploit Major Tallmadge was honored with an autograph letter of thanks from General Washington, and with a complimentary resolution from Congress. It was not the first nor the last time that this gallant officer made use of the whale-boat service to annoy the enemy. Very early in the war he had opened a secret correspondence for Washington with the Whigs of Long Island, and kept one or more boats constantly employed in this service. In 1777 a band of Tory marauders had established themselves, under the protection of a strongly fortified post erected by the British, on an elevated promontory, between Huntington and Oyster Bay, whence they would steal out in their boats and commit depredations on the Connecticut coast. Tallmadge, learning of the retreat of this horde of bandits, determined to break it up, and on the 5th of September, 1777, embarked with 130 men at Shippon's Point, near Stamford, at eight o'clock in the evening, landed at Lloyd's Neck, captured the entire party, and returned to Stamford before morning dawned; and again in October, 1781, he embarked his forces at Norwalk and captured and burned Fort Slongo at Tredwell's Bank, near Smithtown, bringing off a number of prisoners and a piece of artillery.

Captain Caleb Brewster of Fairfield was another Continental officer who figures largely in the records of the whale-boat service. In 1781



he captured an armed boat with her crew on the Sound, and brought both safely into Fairfield, and on the 7th of December, 1782, was the hero of one of the most famous and desperate encounters of the privateersmen, which is still spoken of in Fairfield as the "boat fight." On the morning of that day several of the enemy's armed boats were seen proceeding down the Sound, and Captain Brewster, with his hardy veterans, at once put out from Fairfield to intercept them. Forcing his boats into the midst of the enemy's fleet, a hand to hand conflict ensued, so deadly that in twenty minutes nearly every man on both sides was either killed or wounded, the gallant captain himself being pierced by a rifle ball through the shoulder. Two of the enemy's boats were captured in this affair, the others succeeding in making their escape. This gallant act brought the captain the plaudits of his countrymen, and a pension for life from Congress. In a year his wound had so far recovered that he was ready for active service again, and took command of an expedition for capturing the *Fox*, a British armed vessel that had been stationed in the Sound to prevent the roaming of the privateersmen, and had long been a source of annoyance to them. On a dark night—the 9th of March, 1783—the boats left Fairfield, and stealing upon the *Fox* as she lay at anchor, captain and men leaped on board with fixed bayonets, and in two minutes the vessel was at their mercy. Captain Johnson of the *Fox* and two of his men were killed and several wounded, while of the patriots not a person was injured. After the war Captain Brewster was commander of the revenue cutter of the district of New York for a number of years. He died at Black Rock, Fairfield, February 13, 1827, aged seventy-nine years.

But the operations of the whale-boatmen were not always of an offensive character; they were sometimes obliged to act on the defensive—but generally, even in such cases, with credit to themselves. Early in March, 1780, a band of seven men, commanded by one Alexander Graham, a deserter from the American army, but who then bore a commission from General Howe, authorizing him to recruit Connecticut Tories for the British army, landed on the coast at or near Branford, and marched inland to the house of Captain Ebenezer Dayton in Bethany, a merchant, who had been obliged to flee from Long Island to escape the persecutions of the Tories. In the absence of the captain they broke into the house, and destroyed or carried off nearly five thousand pounds worth of property. From this place they proceeded to Middlebury, where they were secreted in the cellar of a Tory family for several days, and afterward to Oxford, where they lay sev-

eral days longer in a barn. At length, leaving their retreat here, they passed through Derby, and down the Housatonic to Stratford, where they took a whale-boat and set out for Long Island. Their passage through Derby had been discovered, however, and two whale-boats with their crews, under command of Captains Clarke and Harvey, started in pursuit, and after a brisk chase succeeded in overhauling the marauders just as they were entering the British lines. They were brought back in triumph, tried and condemned, Graham, the commander, to be hung, and the others to the tender mercies of the old Newgate.

No unimportant place in the annals of the whale-boat service of the Revolution belongs to Captain Marriner of Harlem and Captain Hyler of New Brunswick. In an old time-stained copy of the Naval Magazine, printed nearly sixty years ago, is to be found a very interesting and gossip account of these famous chieftains, communicated by General Jeremiah Johnson, himself a revolutionary veteran and privy to the facts which he relates. I give the article nearly entire:

"Hyler and Marriner cruised between Egg Harbor and Staten Island. Hyler took several ships and levied contributions on the New York fishermen on the fishing banks. He frequently visited Long Island. He took a Hessian Major at night from the house of Michael Bergen at Gowanus, when his soldiers were encamped near the house. He surprised and took a sergeant's guard at Canarsie from the house of their Captain, Schenck. The guards were at supper, and their muskets standing in the hall, when Hyler entered with his men. He seized the arms, and after jesting with the guards, he *borrowed* the silver spoons for his family; took a few other articles, with all the muskets, and made one prisoner. He sent the guard to report themselves to Colonel Axtell, and returned to New Jersey. Capt. Hyler also paid a visit to Colonel Lott at Flatlands. The Colonel was known to be rich; his money and his person were the objects desired. He was surprised in his house and taken. His cupboard was searched for money, and some silver found; and, on further search, two bags supposed to contain guineas were discovered. These, with the silver, the colonel and two of his negroes, were taken to New Brunswick. In the morning, on the passage up the Raritan, the captain and crew agreed to count and divide the guineas. The bags were opened, when, to the mortification of the crew, they found the bags contained only half-pennies belonging to the church of Flatlands; and the colonel also discovered that his guineas were safe at home. The crew were disappointed in their Scotch prize. They, however, determined to make the most of the adventure; they took the Colonel and his negroes to New Brunswick, where they compelled him to ransom his negroes, and then permitted him to return home on parole. Capt. Hyler also took a corvette of, twenty guns about nine o'clock at night in Coney Island

Bay. The ship lay at anchor, bound for Halifax, to complete her crew. The night was dark ; one of the boats with muffled oars was rowed up close under the stern of the ship, where the officers were to be seen at a game of cards in the cabin, and no watch on deck. The spy-boat then fell astern to her consort and reported, when orders were passed to board. The boats were rowed up silently—the ship boarded instantly on both sides—and not a man was injured. The officers were confined in the cabin and the crew below. The captain ordered the officers and crew to be taken out of the ship, well fettered and placed in the whale-boats. Afterwards a few articles were taken from the ship and she was set on fire, when Capt. Hyler left her with his prisoners for New Brunswick.

"My informant, one of the men who took the ship, stated that the captain of the corvette wept as they were crossing the Bay, and reproached himself for permitting one of his Majesty's ships to be surprised and taken by 'two d—d egg shells,' and he added that there were \$40,000 on board the burning vessel, which Captain Hyler and his crew deserved for their gallant enterprise. The booty however was lost.

"After the notorious refugee Lippincott had barbarously murdered Captain Huddy at Sandy Hook, General Washington was very anxious to have the murderer secured. He had been demanded from the British general and his surrender refused. Retaliation was decided on by General Washington. Young Asgill was to be the innocent victim to atone for the death of Capt. Huddy. He was saved by the mediation of the Queen of France. Capt. Hyler determined to take Lippincott. On inquiry he found that he resided in a well known house in Broad street, New York. Dressed and equipped like a man-of-war press-gang, he left the Kills with one boat after dark, and arrived at Whitehall about nine o'clock. Here he left his boat in charge of three men, and then passed to the residence of Lippincott, where he inquired for him, and found he was absent and gone to a cockpit. Captain Hyler thus failed in the object of his pursuit and visit to the city. He returned to his boat with his press-gang, and left Whitehall ; but finding a sloop lying at anchor off the Battery from the West Indies laden with rum, he took the vessel, cut her cable, set her sails, and with a north-east wind sailed to Elizabethtown Point, and before daylight had landed from her, and secured, forty hogsheads of rum. He then burned the sloop to prevent her re-capture.

Captain Marriner resided many years at Harlem and on Ward's Island after the war. He was a man of eccentric character, witty and ingenious, and abounding in anecdotes ; but he had his faults. He had been taken by the British, was on parole in King's County and quartered with Rem Van Pelt of New Utrecht. The prisoners among the officers had the liberty of the four southern towns of the county. Many of them frequented Dr. Van Buren's Tavern in Flatbush. Here our captain's sarcastic wit in conversation with Major Sherbrook of the British army led to abusive language from the Major to the prisoner. After some time Marriner was exchanged, when he determined to capture Major Sherbrook, Col-

onel Matthews (Mayor of New York), Colonel Axtell and a Major Bache, who all resided in Flatbush, were noted and abusive Tories, and obnoxious to the American officers. For the purpose of carrying his design into execution, he repaired to New Brunswick and procured a whale-boat. This he manned with a crew of well armed volunteers, with whom he proceeded to New Utrecht, and landed on the beach at Bath, about half-past nine o'clock in the evening. Leaving two men in charge of the boat, with the rest of the crew he marched unmolested to Flatbush church, where he divided his men into four squads, assigning a house to each; each party or squad was provided with a heavy post to break in the doors. All was silent in the village. Captain Marriner selected the house of George Martence, where his friend, the Major, quartered, for himself; the other parties proceeded to their assigned houses. Time was given to each to arrive at its destination; and it was agreed that when Marriner struck his door, the others were to break in theirs, and repair to the church with their prisoners. The doors were broken at the same time. Marriner found the Major behind a large chimney in the garret where he had hidden himself; and where he surrendered in the presence of his landlady who lit the way for Marriner. The Major was permitted to take his small clothes in his hand, and thus was marched to the church where the parties assembled. Mr. Bache was taken. Cols. Axtell and Matthews being at New York escaped capture. The parties marched with their prisoners unmolested to their boat and returned safe to New Brunswick. This event took place about midsummer on a fair moonlight night.

"Captain Marriner also paid Simon Cortelyou of New Utrecht a visit; and took him to New Brunswick as a return for his uncivil conduct to the American prisoners. He took his tankard and several articles also which he neglected to return. After Captain Marriner's visit to Flatbush, four inhabitants of New Utrecht were taken separately, and separately imprisoned in the Provost, in New York, on suspicion of having been connected with Marriner in his enterprise, viz., Col. Van Brunt, his brother Adrian Van Brunt, Rem Vanpelt, and his brother Art Vanpelt."

As the war progressed, the boldness and adventurous spirit of the privateersmen increased, until towards the close, the entrances to New York were in a state of blockade, which even armed vessels did not always attempt to force singly. The Narrows and the Sound swarmed with whale-boats. The fishing industry on which the inhabitants of New York greatly depended for food, and which was a main source of supply to the beleaguered garrison, was almost wholly broken up. The fisheries had always been a matter of concern to the merchants, and annual bounties were paid to the vessels bringing in the largest quantities of deep-sea fish.

The Shrewsbury banks, a favorite fishing ground, and the main source

of supply to the New York market, was jealously watched. In the safe cover of the Shrewsbury river Hyler lay in wait to pounce upon the adventurous or unwary who cast a line or dragged a net within his assumed jurisdiction. Unlike the British admiral on the station, he granted no passes for illicit trade but took his toll in another fashion. On one occasion it is related of him, that he captured two fishing vessels which he ransomed at one hundred dollars each, and within the week recaptured one of the same boats, which had again ventured within his reach. Such was the frequency of these captures that the Tory merchants who revived the Chamber of Commerce during the war, made application to Admiral Arbuthnot for "the protection of the fishermen employed on the banks of Shrewsbury." The Admiral purchased a vessel mounting twelve carriage guns and requested that the city would man her, but the seamen placed little faith in the promises from British naval officers, and hesitated to enter a service, the exit of which was as hopeless as from the Inferno of Dante. The "hot press" was the terror of American sailors before and after the war; indeed, till Hull and Decatur and Preble laid an injunction upon it at the cannon's mouth.

In 1782 similar application was made to Admiral Graves, who had succeeded Arbuthnot on the station, and the intervention of General Robertson, the military commandant of the city, was invoked "to encourage the fishermen to take fish for a supply to this garrison, and that its commerce may not be annoyed by the privateersmen and whaleboats that infest the narrows." The newspapers of 1781 are full of Hyler's exploits, which sometimes reached higher game than fishing smacks. In June he and an associate, Captain Story, in two whaleboats boarded and took the schooner Skip Jack which mounted six carriage guns besides swivels, at high noon, and burned her in sight of the guard ship and the men of war on the station, and on the same cruise carried off three small trading vessels laden with contraband cattle on the way from the Jersey Tories to New York.

Captain Adam Hyler was of New Brunswick. He died in the fall of 1782 and was honorably mentioned in the *New Jersey Gazette*, "his many heroic and enterprising acts in annoying and distressing the enemy."

The whaleboats used on their excursions were formidable enemies. They were upwards of thirty-five feet long, were rowed with eight oars, carried two heavy sails and were armed with a large swivel. They depended on neither wind nor tide for their progress in pursuit or flight.



After the war Captain Marriner resumed his avocation of tavern keeper, in the course of which he occupied several houses in the village of Harlem, which were in turn a favorite resort of the politicians and military men of the city. He was also largely patronized by the disciples of Isaac Walton, who angled for bass or dropped their line for the tautog in the stirring waters of Hell Gate and its vicinity. The view here given is of a building that stood, until about 1866, at the foot of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, on the bank of Harlem River, and is drawn from the recollections of Mr. James Riker, the well-known historian. Marriner also figures in history as the caterer who provided the dinner for General Washington and his suite, on their visit to the ruins of Fort Washington in 1790. The Commander-in-Chief refers to the affair in his journal, under date of July 10 of that year.

CHARLES BURR TODD



## LA SALLE AND THE MISSISSIPPI, 1682-1882

No handsomer compliment can be paid the Father of Waters upon his majestic size than to revive the circumstance that he was not and could not have been discovered all at once. While this distinction may seem, superficially, to be common to all streams of any appreciable length and density, it must be found, upon candid examination, to belong pre-eminently to the Mississippi.

Who first made out and properly named this noble stream? Manifestly the all but equally noble red man. That individual has hitherto failed to receive due credit in the matter of Western fluvial discovery. He has been set upon, driven back, reserved, preserved, and then driven on again, until he long since ceased to be where he was wont; and, the unkindest cut of all is, that, in making his ruthless progress inland, the white man has assumed to himself the honor of having opened up the Continent single-handed, counting the Indian simply a block in his path. This is rank injustice. Shall that great stock of information respecting the interior of America which the Indian tribes had been accumulating for generations, through all their wars, huntings, and migrations, and which they imparted, often so freely, to the early explorers and pioneers, go for nothing in the final rendering of our account with them? How much could Marquette and Joliet and La Salle have accomplished during their sojourn in the Mississippi Valley but for the calumet and the wigwams along their course, which proved to be as sure a set of guide-books as one may find anywhere to-day? The truth is that, whoever may have been the explorers of the Mississippi, much of the weary work they would have been obliged to do had already been done for them by the Indian. The course of the river, the fact that it was the main river, the direction and extent of the numerous tributaries, and other most necessary information, came into their hands continually as they pushed their canoes along its surface. They went forth and verified the red man's report. They found that he had long before appreciated its magnificent proportions, and had given it its true name. The names they gave it successively have happily disappeared, and only that one remains. The red man dignified it, not as the "Father of Waters," but as the great or all water, *Missi* meaning whole, and *sipi*, river. A grand and significant name, too—the "All Water," describing in one word nature's irrigating system for that vast region, and telling of the Indians' full exploration, knowledge, and understanding of it!

In advance of De Soto and La Salle put the forgotten "Lo." Give him, at least, a place on the river-bank as the original sign-board.

The present generation is reminded of the white man's earliest efforts to trace the Mississippi by the celebration to be held at New Orleans on April 9th in honor of La Salle's voyage down, and the discovery of the mouths of the river, two hundred years since. The "teeming millions" of the Valley and, indirectly, the nation at large, are expected to join sympathetically with the Crescent City in the joy of the day. No one can dispute the eminent propriety of observing such an anniversary, especially as for the West it is unique and of the highest interest. Much will be fittingly said by speakers on the occasion in memory of the pioneers of the Mississippi, and in anticipation of the great empire that seems destined to rise along its course and tributaries, but as to the true history of the river itself—the ages it has been rolling to the sea, the changing people and races that have dwelt upon its banks, and the possible civilization that may once have flourished there—the mystery must remain as dense as ever. Could the mouths of the river themselves but speak!

Those first French explorers among the lakes and great rivers of our continent were no common men. La Salle was one of them. Champlain, Nicolet, Marquette, Hennepin, and Joliet had preceded or were contemporary with him, and had assisted in paving the way for his own final success. In reaching the mouths of the Mississippi on April 9, 1682, and establishing the fact, beyond peradventure, that it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, he represented the progress made by others as well as himself. Leaving out the Spaniard who had seen the Mississippi in the previous century, the first Frenchmen to reach it from the north were the Jesuit missionary, Father Marquette, and Louis Joliet, who had come from France to seek an overland route to the Pacific Ocean. They started forth from the country of the Ottawas on the 17th of May, 1673, providing themselves with two birch canoes, a supply of smoked meat, and Indian corn. They were accompanied by five men. "They had obtained," says Parkman, "all possible information from the Indians, and had made, by means of it, a species of map of their intended route." "Above all," writes Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate, promising that, if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception."

The arms of these men were as stout as their faith, and, after paddling many a league through the lakes and rivers, they reached the Mississippi at last, by way of the Wisconsin, where the town of Prairie du Chien now stands. This was on the 17th of June. Then, gliding southward, and en-

countering experiences of every sort, they descended as far as the Arkansas. Here, in the middle of July, they paused. "They had gone far enough," continues Parkman, "as they thought, to establish one important point—that the Mississippi discharged its waters, not into the Atlantic or Sea of Virginia, nor into the Gulf of California or Vermilion Sea, but into the Gulf of Mexico. They thought themselves nearer to its mouth than they actually were, the distance being still about seven hundred miles; and they feared that if they went farther they might be killed by Indians or captured by Spaniards, whereby the results of their discovery would be lost. Therefore, they resolved to return to Canada and report what they had seen."

While honoring La Salle, it is to these voyagers—Marquette and Joliet—that the West must express its obligations in the first instance. Not only were they the first Frenchmen to sail down the Mississippi, but they were the first to give to the world approximately correct maps of the interior of the continent and its great system of waters. They both made maps which are of high value, giving the true course of the Mississippi, although the prolongation to its source and its mouth were conjectural or based on the descriptions of the Indians. Joliet, indeed, made several maps, one of which has been unearthed in Paris, and lately published by M. Gravier, of Rouen, and which proves to be of rare interest, Gravier claiming that it is probably the earliest one prepared by Joliet, and the first which gives us at once an outline of the great lakes and the course of the Mississippi. Its superscription reads: "*Nouvelle Decouverte de Plusieurs Nations dans la Nouvelle France en L'annee 1673 et 1674.*"

La Salle—Réné Robert Cavalier de la Salle—who was now to complete the grand discovery made by Marquette and Joliet, was a native of Rouen, in Normandy. Coming to Canada in 1666, he dreamed of opening up an easy line of communication with China and the South Sea *via* some one of the western rivers. His first expedition resulted in the discovery of the Ohio, it is alleged, in 1677. Returning to France, he made preparations for more extensive explorations, and appeared in Canada once more in the latter part of 1678, where, after overcoming many difficulties, he set out on his second western expedition, leaving the site of Chicago in January, 1682. Reaching the Illinois overland, he was again upon the rivers, and entered the Mississippi on the 6th of February. Then came the long, tedious paddling to the mouth, the object of this journey, and, on the 9th of April, his desire was fulfilled. Finding, three days before, that the river divided into three channels, he followed the most westerly one himself; D'Autray, a fellow voyager, took the east, while Tonty sailed down the middle passage. They

soon reached the salt sea—the Gulf—and the course of the lower Mississippi was established. If it neither led to China nor the South Sea, the discovery itself was of the most gratifying character. La Salle took possession of the territory in the name of Louis the Great, and the immense domain of Louisiana was secured to France.



A SECTION OF JOUTEL'S MAP. 1713.

In a third expedition, in 1684-85, La Salle explored the lands to the west of the river's mouth, and on this occasion was accompanied by a companion named Joutel, who published a brief account of it, with a map of North America as then known. The latter bears the late date of 1713, but is of interest as being one of the first *published* after the expedition, and among the earliest to indicate, though in a rude way, the fact of a delta at the outlet of the Mississippi. It is reproduced in the present number of



the magazine. Earlier unpublished maps, giving distinct outlines of the mouth and adjacent coast, are to be found in the archives of the French Government.

The Mississippi thus discovered, no doubt there should be rejoicing over the fact. It still rolls on "unvexed" to the Gulf, an occasional source of misery to the dwellers upon its banks, and a tax upon the ingenuity of engineers and the treasury of the Government. For this, however, there seems to be some slight compensation. The river is steadily increasing its length, and in the course of ages will enable the geographer to boast of its proportions with even greater pride than he does to-day. From a comparison of surveys made since 1838 the average annual advance of the South Pass bar for the last hundred years has been calculated by the Government engineers to have been one hundred feet. The source appears to be immovable. As to the expenditures which the mighty current has entailed upon the public, Congress has appropriated, since 1829 to the present year, \$2,536,681 for the clearing of its mouths. The contract with Captain J. B. Eads for the construction of jetties involves \$5,250,000, with \$100,000 more per annum for repairs for twenty years. In addition, appropriations for the improvement of all other parts of the river above and below the Falls of St. Anthony, and for improvements below Cairo under the new Mississippi River Commission, amount to \$13,565,000, a total public expenditure up to date of about \$21,400,000. Congress has never appropriated money for the construction of levees, the river States having thus far attempted their construction as local necessities.

Considering, in fine, the time consumed in its discovery and exploration, and its importance as a grand central commercial highway and a consequent bond of national union, we may continue to exult over our possession of the great stream. And, happily, it will always be the MISSISSIPPI, for it might have been the "Conception," as Marquette wished, or the "Le Buade," as Joliet proposed in his first map, in honor of Frontenac, or the "Colbert," as subsequent maps have it, after the then French Minister of Marine. How utterly inappropriate would any name sound but the one we have!

## BARON STEUBEN

I am not certain in what part of Germany Baron Steuben was born, though I think it was in Suabia. He was not a Prussian, for, "had I been born a subject," said he to me (speaking of the strong passions of his old master Frederick II.), "I should have been sent to Spandau for daring to demand a dismissal from his service."

The Baron had been in the family and friendship of Prince Henry, the King's brother, of whom he never spoke but with the greatest tenderness and affection. In an unfortunate campaign of the Seven Years' War, the Prince incurred the displeasure of his inexorable brother. He was directed to retire from the field, his suite ordered to their different corps, or placed in situations which might make them feel the misfortune of being the friends of a man who had dared to displease, perhaps to disobey, the King. Steuben was sent into Silesia to recruit, equip, and discipline, within a certain period, a corps broken down by long and hard severity. The pecuniary allowance for this object was wholly inadequate, but in the Prussian service who dared to say what was or what was not possible to be performed? The regiment was marched complete to headquarters within the time prescribed, and the Baron soon after received the appointment of aide-de-camp to the King, and was charged with the superintendence of the Quartermaster-General's department. It was undoubtedly an excellent part of the Prussian system that the different departments of the army had each a particular person near the monarch, intimate with all its concerns, to whom every officer of the corps could, on all occasions, address himself, and on whom, at any moment, and for every kind of information relative to the branch of service with which the aide-de-camp was connected, the King could call.

In this respectable situation he remained four years. Why it was relinquished I never knew—I never asked; for though some anecdotes of the King's conduct to his officers, which would make an American volunteer look wild, were told me by him from time to time, there was a delicacy observed in speaking of that great man's faults which marked the feelings of profound respect with which he was remembered by the Baron. When the death of the King of Prussia was announced, I saw a tear roll down the Baron's cheek. Strong ties are broken when old soldiers weep! An American officer, who had been a prisoner on Long Island, said to me that a German of rank had told him that there was a feeling of jealousy of the

Baron's military fame. "Jealous of me!" said the Baron; "the fellow was a fool—'a motley fool' your Shakespeare would have called him."

There can, however, be no doubt of the consideration in which the military talents of the Baron were held by the monarch. When General Lincoln, then Secretary for the Department of War, was directed by Congress to apply to the different European Courts for a transcript of their military codes, M. de Hertsburg, Prime Minister of Prussia, answered that the instructions in question had never been published, or even transcribed, except for the use of the chiefs of the army, adding that he was surprised at the request, as it was understood that Baron Steuben was in the service of the United States, who knew everything relative to the Prussian code *au fond*. Whatever may have been the cause, the Baron retired from Prussia, and entered into the service of Prince Charles of Baden, who gave him the command of his troops; and some time afterward he was appointed or elected Lieut.-General of one of the circles of the empire—a station rather honorary than lucrative. The troops of the Circle were militia, and the duty at that time was that of attending a periodical review. How changed for many years have been the situation and duties of that unfortunate people! God help them! they have drank deep of the cup of affliction!

The Baron's income from his military and ecclesiastical rank, for he was a chanoine,<sup>1</sup> amounted to the value of five hundred and eighty guineas per annum. By whom he was made a dignitary of the church I have forgotten, but it is certain that the King of Prussia bestowed church livings on his officers; nor would he, I presume, have felt scruples of conscience in assigning the whole revenues of the church militant to troops in whose tactics and weapons he had greater confidence than in the church spiritual, could the assignment have been effected without danger or disgrace. In a country, where a coachman or a chief cook could be hired for ten or fifteen dollars per annum and a suit of clothes, where many luxuries and all the necessities of life were cheap in proportion, twenty-four and twenty-five hundred dollars was a world of money.

The Baron frequently passed the winters in Paris. There, in 1775, in the society of the Count de Vergennes and the Prince de Monte Barre, Minister for the War Department, he met Benjamin Franklin, Ambassador at the Court of Versailles. Mr. Franklin, venerable in his appearance, high in reputation, and full of enthusiasm in the cause of his country, spoke with energy and with all the art of a politician, of the goodness of the cause, of the noble spirit of the people, of their ample means and well-founded hopes, of the glory to him who should effectually assist in laying the foundation of a great Empire, and of the gratitude, honors, and rewards which awaited

the man who should give instruction in the military art to the brave but undisciplined army of the United States! The French Ministers supported the arguments, and joined in all the wishes of the Philosophic Negotiator. "It was undoubtedly the intentions of the King, their Master, they said, to declare him such, as soon as circumstances would admit, the protector of this virtuous people, who had bravely taken arms against a haughty, imperious nation, whose ambition went not only to their subjugation, but to that of all Europe—that, though the moment had not yet arrived, in which the King could openly espouse the cause of the Americans, steps were about being taken to supply them with arms, and there could be no doubt of his favorable regard to him, who, by teaching the most effectual manner of using them, should tender essential service to those oppressed people, struggling for liberty and independence. The glory attendant on a successful achievement of this perilous adventure was painted in such glowing colors, and so often presented to view by those masters in the art of coloring, that the Baron, without entering into any kind of stipulation with Messrs. Franklin and Dean, immediately returned to Germany, resigned his places and their emoluments, came back to France, and, in the autumn of 1777, embarked for the United States on board a ship freighted ostensibly by private persons, but in fact by Louis XVI., with arms, clothing, and munitions of war, and commanded by Captain Landais, a brave and experienced officer, who had sailed round the world with Mons. de Bougainville, and who, for the service performed to the nation, deserves a recompense, the benefits of which he yet might feel. Not long since I passed the veteran in the street, and saw, with pain, that adverse gales seemed still to buffet him.

The Baron landed in December at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and immediately commenced his journey to York, in Pennsylvania, where Congress then sat. I saw him for the first time at a ball which the citizens of Lancaster gave him. He had been received in the most distinguished manner by Congress, and was then on his way to General Washington. His reputation had preceded him; and those who yet remember his graceful entry and carriage in a ball-room, the splendor of his star and its accompaniments, can easily conceive the proud feelings of his countrymen and of their fair wives and daughters.

The troops assembled at Valley Forge were in want of everything, ill-armed, worse fed, and confined to their huts by sickness, the want of clothes and the severity of the winter. The Baron frequently afterward declared that no European army could have been kept together under such dreadful deprivations. What must have been his feelings to have seen, as he passed

with General Washington through the cantonment, the wretched, naked figures (except a piece of dirty blanket) hidden by half-closed doors of bark or logs, wide distant from each other, and to hear at every turn a mournful cry of "No pay! no provisions! no clothes!" His heart sickened at the scene, and well it might. God knows that the misery was great! The spring opened; partial supplies were received, and the Inspector-General commenced his labors. Certainly it was a bold attempt, without understanding a word of their language, to bring men, born free and joined together to preserve their freedom, into strict subjection; to obey without a word, a look, the dictates of a master—that master once their equal, or perhaps below them in whatever might become a man. It was a bold attempt, which nothing but virtue or high-raised hopes of glory could have supported. At the first parade, the troops, neither understanding the command nor how to follow in a change to which they had not been accustomed, even with their instructor at their head, were getting fast into confusion. At this moment Captain, now Colonel Walker, then of the Fourth New York Regiment, advanced from his platoon, and offered his assistance to translate the Baron's orders, and interpret them to the troops. "If," said the good Baron many years after, "If I had seen an angel from heaven I should not have been more rejoiced." Perhaps there was not at that moment another officer in the army, except Hamilton, who spoke French and English to be understood! Walker became his aide-de-camp and friend through life. They well deserved the friendship of each other. From the moment that instruction began, no time, no pains, no fatigue was thought too great in pursuit of the object. During the whole of every campaign, when the troops were to manœuvre—and this was almost every fair day—while his servant dressed his hair, he smoked and drank one cup of strong coffee; was on horseback at sunrise, and, with or without his suite, galloped to the parade. There was no waiting for a tardy aide-de-camp, and those who followed wished they had not slept. Nor was there need of chiding. The Baron's look, when duty was neglected, was enough! It was a question why our troops had not been put to the performances of the great manœuvre. I beg pardon for calling it great, but it was great *to us*. We had it not by intuition, nor was the country then filled with books compiled by Oriental and by Western sages, and filled with all kinds of knowledge for all kinds of troops. How changed the times. To the question it was answered, "That in fact there was no time to learn the minutia. The troops must be prepared for instant combat; that, on a field of battle, how to display or fold a column, or how to charge a front, was of more consequence than how to stand, turn, or handle a musket. The business is to give our



troops a relish for their trade, to make them feel a confidence in their own skill. Besides, your officers, following the miserable British sergeant system, would think themselves degraded by an attention to the drill. But the time shall come when there will be a better mode of thinking. Then men will attend to the turning out the toes." This prophecy, I remember, was literally fulfilled a year or two afterward. "Do you see that, sir," said the Baron, "there is your colonel instructing that awkward recruit. I thank God for that!"

Sir Henry Clinton marched from Philadelphia. Our troops quitted Valley Forge and fought the British at Monmouth. Colonel Hamilton said to me that he had never known nor conceived the value of discipline until that day. The Baron had no command in the line, for although Congress had, in addition to his appointment of Inspector-General, given him the rank of Major-General, the benefits expected to be received from his knowledge and exertions were of too much value to be confined to a single division of the army, besides which there was such an influx of Frenchmen from the Continent and from the islands, all demanding high rank and superior commands, that the American officers began to be disgusted, and to murmur loudly at being commanded by foreigners. The Baron had received what had been given, without asking, and he wisely left it to time and future service to place him in his proper station. His assistance in forming the troops and in reconnoitring the enemy on that day, in which service he narrowly escaped being taken, were acknowledged. His report to General Washington of the real situation of the British and of the column under the command of General Lee induced that gentleman to say something in his own defence, for which the Baron thought it proper to ask an immediate explanation. It was given in a manner perfectly satisfactory. The truth was, General Lee had an exalted opinion of the British discipline and valor, and had very little confidence in our troops. He was unfortunate, and probably in fault; and probably he looked on the friends of the Commander-in-Chief, whom he, it was believed, had intrigued to supplant, as his enemies, and as anxious to take advantage of his misfortune. General Washington, in confirming the sentence of the court, acted probably with as much propriety of mind as falls to the lot of nature; but the decision, it has been thought, ought to have been other than it was. If Lee had misbehaved before the enemy, he deserved a punishment much more severe. If his troops broke, and would not fight, he ought not to have been suspended.

As soon as the troops became for a time stationary, the Inspector-General commenced a system of police which pervaded every branch of the service, and by which thousands were saved every campaign after it was in

operation. Two honorable and worthy men, Judge Peters and Colonel Pickering, both of them at that time members of the Board of War, well knew to what a various extent the spoil and waste of tents, arms, ammunition, and accoutrements was carried, and they have not forgotten the service rendered by the Baron to our then poor country. "Sir," said one of those respectable patriots, not three months since (it was Judge Peters), "Sir, his services cannot be estimated at their value. I knew him well, and take him altogether, a better man did not exist." The organization of the Department of Inspection produced a new state of things, the benefit of which was felt by all. To whom, to how few can I appeal! The masters and the laborers in that grand work of Independence have passed away, and with them how great a portion of the virtue and the talent of our country! To what a strictness were we held when every article received must be brought forth and laid in view, and not a brush or a picker missing with impunity! In truth, long before the conclusion of the war, our army had arrived to the *then* highest point of military knowledge. Ambitious to excel, I have known the subalterns of a regiment sell one-half of their rations to the contractor, that they might add to the comfort and appearance of their men. The adroitness, and, above all, the silence, with which manœuvres were performed was remarked with astonishment by the officers of the French army. The Marquis la Val de Montmorency, a brigadier-general, said to the Baron, "I admire the celerity and exactitude with which your men perform, but what I cannot conceive is the profound silence in which they manœuvre!" "I don't know, Monsieur le Marquis, from whence the noise should come," answered the Baron, "when even my brigadiers dare not open the mouth, but to repeat the order." "Ah! hah! Monsieur le Baron," vociferated the Marquis; "Je vous comprend! je vous comprend!" The French troops were exceedingly noisy in their evolutions and marches, and then Monsieur la Val was heard louder than the rest. On a subsequent occasion (to show the high degree of expertness to which our army had arrived), when a violent storm had occasioned a grand exhibition to be postponed, the Baron was asked by one of the allied generals, who, with others, had retired to his *marquée*, what manœuvres he had intended to perform. When told, with a studied *nonchalance*, as if this was the first moment he had thought of the matter, "Yes," said the general, "I have seen the last you mention by the Prussians in Silesia, but with the addition of some difficulty," which he explained. "Yes, sir," answered the Baron, "it is true. You do not expect that we are quite equal to the King of Prussia. No, General, that is expecting too much." "*C'est vrai! c'est vrai, mais avec le temps!*" "*C'est vrai, avec le temps,*" said the Baron, after his guests had retired, "*avec le*

*temps!* I will let these French gentlemen know that *we* can do what the Prussians can, and what their army cannot do. Get the order for the review," said he to one of his aides-de-camp. "Sit down and add to it as I dictate. I will save those who have not been in Silesia the trouble of going there for instruction; Ver Planck's point is much nearer. *Avec le temps!* The time is next week." They came—chiefs and subalterns, on horseback and on foot—for the encampment was but a few miles distant. Everything was done in the finest style, to their real or pretended admiration. Alas! when I think of times past of that day, and look to that eminence on which General Washington's *marquée* was placed, in front of which stood that great man, firm in the consciousness of virtue, surrounded by French nobles and the chiefs of his own army, when I cast my eyes, now dim, then lighted up with soldierly ambition, hope, and joy along that lengthened line, my brothers all! endeared by ties made strong by full communion in many a joyous hour, in many an hour of penury and want, my heart sinks at the view. Who, how few, of all that brilliant host is left! those few now tottering on the confines of the grave.

General Gates had been defeated; his army dispersed; and the Southern States were in great danger of being conquered. General Green, in whom the Commander-in-Chief placed the fullest confidence, was ordered, in 1780, to the southward. Baron Steuben accompanied him. General Green saw clearly that Virginia was only to be defended in the Carolinas—that if the British force in those States could not be broken down, there was little to hope—the whole, perhaps to the Potomac, must fall. The opinions of the two Generals coincided, and there was ample time, during the journey to Richmond, to mature the plans and system to be pursued. The Baron was left in Virginia to collect whatever of men and means might be gathered to form the troops, and at all risk of clamor or dissatisfaction of the Virginians to disfurnish their State for the moment, in the hope of securing its permanent safety. The success of our arms was an object very dear to the Baron's heart. He had a personal friendship, and the highest respect for his general, and certainly he exerted himself to the utmost to fulfill his engagements with him, though he soon felt that he did his duty at the expense of his popularity. Nor is it to be wondered at that, feeling the dangerous situation of their State, the Virginians could not with satisfaction see its resources daily lessening. Nor did the Baron's zeal permit him on every occasion to act with the mildness and caution proper to be observed by military commanders in the service of a Republic, the laws of which protect even an unworthy foreigner from punishment, except inflicted by their own tribunals. Men sufficient to form a regiment had, with great exertion, been

collected ; the corps was paraded, and on the point of marching to Carolina, a good-looking man on horseback, with his servant, as he appeared, also well mounted, rode up, and, introducing himself to the Baron, informed him he had brought a recruit. "I thank you, Sir," said the Baron, "with all my heart, he has arrived in a happy moment ; where is he, Colonel ?" for the man was a Colonel in the militia. "Here, Sir," ordering his boy to dismount. The Baron's countenance altered, a sergeant was ordered to measure the lad, whose shoes, when off, discovered something by which his height had been increased. The Baron patted the child's head with a hand trembling with rage, and asked him how old he was ; he was very young, quite a child. "Sir," said the Baron, turning to him who brought him, "you think me a rascal !" "Oh ! no Baron, I don't." "Then, Sir, I think that you are one—an infamous scoundrel, thus to attempt to cheat your country ! take off this fellow's SPURS ; place him in the ranks, and tell General Green from me, Colonel Gaskins, that I have sent him a man able to serve, instead of an infant whom he would have basely made his substitute. Go, my boy, carry the Colonel's horses and spurs to his wife ; make my respects to her, and tell her that her husband has gone to fight, as an honest citizen should, for the liberty of his country. By platoons ! to the right wheel ! forward ! march !" Colonel Gaskins, fearing the consequences, let the man escape on the arrival of the regiment at Roanoke River. Nor was he tardy in applying to Governor Jefferson for redress. The purity of the Baron's motives could not be suspected ; and his honest zeal was appreciated too highly by the Governor and Council not to prevent any unpleasant results attending this high-handed exertion of military power. When Arnold landed in Virginia and marched to Richmond, there were only a few militia and a troop of unarmed cavalry, mutinous for want of pay and clothing, to oppose him. An attempt was made at a pass near Richmond, which proved abortive. After destroying all kinds of property, public and private, within his reach, he retreated. Philips arrived with a reinforcement, took the command, and marched toward the capital. There was a show of resistance, a skirmish at Petersburg, but it amounted to nothing—the civil authorities had retired to Charlottesville near the head of James River. The Baron, with his miserable force, retreated to the point or fork where the State artillery, magazines, etc., had been carried up to a place supposed to be out of danger of an attack. Simcoe, however—such was the difficulty of gaining intelligence of the enemy's movements—within a few hours of the notice of his approach being given, appeared with his cavalry on the spot, from which the last of the stores were removing to the other side of the river, and an aide-de-camp of the Baron, fell into the hands of the enemy. The British had passed

down to the vicinity of Williamsburg. The Marquis de la Fayette arrived with troops from the northward, and the Baron, severely attacked by the fever of the country, and sick with vexation, retired to Albemarle County, where he remained, fortunately in the society of two or three respectable neighboring gentlemen, until he was informed by General Washington of his near approach to Virginia. At the siege of Yorktown the General gave him the command of a division of the army. It was during the Baron's tour of duty in the trenches that the negotiations respecting the capitulation commenced. At the relieving hour the next morning, the Marquis de la Fayette approached with his division. The Baron refused to be relieved, alleging as a reason the etiquette in Europe—that as he had, during his guard, received the first overtures it was a point of honor to remain on his post till the capitulation was signed or broken. The Marquis applied to the Commander-in-Chief, but the Baron with his troops remained in the trenches until the English flag was struck. The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army closed the campaign. The Baron returned to the northward, and remained with the army, continually employed in inspecting their discipline till the peace. He resided for some years in the city of New York, and died on the 28th of November, 1795, at Steuben, in Oneida County, New York State.

These are but hasty and very incomplete sketches of the Baron's military course from 1778 to 1783. He undoubtedly did us great service in the field, adding largely thereto by preparing regulations. But it is upward of thirty years since the war, and I have little accurate recollection of more than the elegant manners, the playful wit, and the kindness of heart which this excellent man possessed. General Washington was fully sensible of his deserving, and urged Congress, on all proper occasions, in his behalf. In truth, considering our poverty, he was treated, as to money, with a commendable degree of liberality, and received from time to time of good and bad amounts which some narrow men in Congress thought much too large. Elbridge Gerry (and I state it with pleasure) was always liberal. But what sum would have been too great for the Baron, who searched for worthy objects whose wants might be relieved? Never did reviews pass without rewards to soldiers whose arms and accoutrements were most conspicuous for the attention paid to them. Never was his table unfurnished with guests, if furnished with provisions. Officers of the higher grades, men most prominent for their knowledge and attention to duty, were principally his guests; but the gentlemen of his family were desired to complete the list with others of inferior rank. "Poor fellows!" said he, "they have field-officers' stomachs without their pay or rations." At Yorktown



or Williamsburg he sold such part of his camp equipage brought from Europe as was of value. "We are, God knows, miserably poor! We are constantly feasted by the French without giving them even a bit of wurst [*i.e.*, sausage]. I can stand it no longer. I will give one grand dinner to our allies, should I eat my soup with a wooden spoon forever after." The Baron had a full share of honorable pride. He could not bear to receive and not return. In thought and deed he was most liberal and most kind. On the eve of returning to the northward, "I must go," said he, "to a sick aide-de-camp. I must leave you, my son; but I leave you in a country where we have found the door of every gentleman's house wide open, where every female heart is full of tenderness and virtue. The instant you are able, quit this deleterious situation. There is my sulkey, and here is half of what I have. God bless you! I can say no more." Nor could he. The feelings of friends at such a moment may possibly be conceived, but not expressed. A journey of three hundred miles was before him; his wealth was a single piece of gold. Are other instances necessary to prove the texture of his heart? How many are there written on my own! There is, I trust, a book in which every one of his good deeds are entered to the credit of his account with Heaven.

At the disbandment of the Revolutionary Army, when inmates of the same tent or hut for seven long years were separating, never, perhaps, to see each other's face again, grasping each other's hand in silent agony, cut adrift without a hope, I saw his strong endeavors, if it were possible, to throw some rays of sunshine on the gloom—to mix some cordial with the bitter draught they drank—to go they knew not whither. All recollection of the art to thrive by civil occupation lost, or, to the youthful, never known; their hard-earned military knowledge worse than useless—a mark at which, with their badge of brotherhood, to point the finger of suspicion—ignoble, vile suspicion; no more to pay obedience to command, to quaff the cup of joy, or lessen every grief by sharing with a host of friends; to be cast out upon a world long since forgotten, each one to grope his solitary, silent path; his sword and military garb the only relics saved, or else overwhelmed and lost forever. It was too bad! On that sad day what soldier's heart was left unwrung! I saw it all and its effects.

To a stern old officer—a Lieutenant-Colonel Cochran, on whose furrowed visage a tear until that day had never fallen—the Baron said all that could be said to soften deep distress. "For myself," said Cochran, "I care not, I can stand it; but my wife and daughters are in that wretched tavern. I know not whence to carry them; nor have I means for their removal." "Come my friend," said the Baron, "let us go. I wish to pay

my respects to Mrs. Cochran and your daughters, if you please ;" and when he came away, he left hope with them, and all he had to give.

A black man, with wounds not yet healed, wept on the wharf ; for it was at New Burg where these sad scenes were passing. There was a vessel in the stream bound to the place where this poor soldier once had friends, he could not pay his passage. Where found or borrowed, I know not ; but the Baron soon returned. The man hailed the sloop, and cried, "God bless you Massa Baron ; God Almighty bless you !" But why do I relate these scraps of his benevolence, when all who knew him and were worthy, knew him as their friend ? What good or honorable man, civil or military, before the party times which sundered friendships, did not respect and love the Baron ? Who most ? Those who knew him best.

In the society of ladies, the Baron appeared to be very happy—engaged in their amusements, and added by his wit and pleasantry to the delights of the evening. His sternness and stentorian voice were only heard in the field. "Oh !" said an old man, who had been a captain in the war, and then kept a public house near Utica. "Oh ! Baron, how glad I am to see you in my house, but I used to be dreadfully afraid of you !" "How so, Captain ?" "You halloed, and swore, and looked so dreadfully at me once, when my platoon was out of its place, that I almost melted into water !" "Oh fye, donc, fye, Captain." "It was bad, to be sure," said the old man, "but you did halloa tremendously !" It is true he was rough, as the ocean in a storm, when great faults in discipline were committed ; but if, in the whirlwind of his passion, he had injured any one, the redress was ample. I recollect at a review at Morristown, a Lieutenant Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered in the rear, for a fault which it appeared another had committed. At a proper moment, the commander of the regiment came forward, and informed the Baron of Mr. Gibbons' innocence and worth, and of his acute feelings under his unmerited disgrace. "Desire Lieutenant Gibbons," said the Baron, "to come in front of the troops." "Sir," said he to him, "the fault which was committed by throwing the line into confusion might, in the presence of an enemy, have been fatal, and I arrested you. Your Colonel has informed me, that you are in this instance blameless, I ask your pardon ! Return to your command, I would not do injustice to any, much less to one whose character is so respectable." All this was said, with his hat off, and the rain pouring on his reverend head. Was there an officer who saw this, unmoved with feelings of respect and affection—not one, who had the feelings of a soldier. I have spoken somewhere of the difficulty the Baron found in forming his book of regula-

tions for the discipline of the army. It was indeed great. There were no books then from which a compilation could be made. Even at the close of the war, Rivington's shop afforded nothing better than "Bland's Exercise" and "Sumner's Military Guide." All was drawn from his recollections of the Prussian school—these to be arranged in French, translated into English by men not conversant with military phrase or evolutions—to sketch and re-sketch the plates and fit them for the engraver. The engraver! where to be found! and paper scarcely to be procured. None but those who lived in those days of poverty and dearth of everything can think a thousandth part of all the difficulties which were then encountered in every department.

By the exertions of Colonel Hamilton, patronized by President Washington, and supported by some liberal and powerful men in Congress, an annuity of \$2,500 per annum for life was given to the Baron. He retired to Steuben, a tract of 16,000 acres, received under the administration and in unison with the wish of Governor George Clinton, from the Legislature of New York, where, in a convenient log-house, he passed the last moments of his life. He had parcelled out his land on very easy terms among twenty or thirty tenants, who afforded opportunity for the exercise of his philanthropy. Some hundreds of acres were given to his aides-de-camp and servants. Sixty acres of cleared land gave him wheat and ample nourishment for his stock. Except the society of a young gentleman, whose literary exhibition, when a boy, had attracted his notice and regard, who read to and with him, and now and then a stranger passing through, or a friend who went into the wilderness to see him, his time was passed in solitude. His farm and garden afforded some little amusement, and he was fond of chess. But it was chiefly from his library, which was well stored, that he drew support against the tedium of a situation so very different from that in which the greatest part of his life had been passed. This state of inaction was undoubtedly unfriendly to health, though there was no appearance of failure either in mind or body. They remained in full strength until the moment he was struck with an apoplexy, which, in a few hours, was fatal. Agreeably to his desire, often expressed, his remains were wrapped in his cloak, enclosed in a plain coffin, and placed in the earth without a stone to tell where it lies. A few tenants and servants, the young gentleman his late companion, and one on whom for fifteen years his eye had never ceased to beam with kindness, followed in silence and in tears. The commissioners of the town laid a road, a public road, near to his grave! They either knew not, or they could not feel. Walker, his first and most worthy aide-de-camp, snatched the remains of his dear friend

and master from their sacrilegious grasp ; hid them in the forest, and gave a bounty to protect the hallowed wood from rude intrusion.

I feel all the imperfection of the manner in which these notices are given. I have said nothing to what might, what ought to be said of this most worthy man. I may, on some future occasion, add. At present I cannot make it better.<sup>1</sup>

W. N.

NOTE.—The original MS. of the foregoing graphic sketch of Baron Steuben I recently found among my father's papers. It was written in 1814, for the *Herkimer American* at the request of the latter—then editor of that paper—by General William North of the Revolution, a beloved aide-de-camp of Steuben, and his assistant in carrying out his system of discipline in the army. Whether or not it was ever published, I do not know, as the files of that paper for 1814, and a few subsequent years are not in existence. North, who was Adjutant and Inspector General of the Army of the U. S. A., during the years 1798–99, and also United States Senator, seems to have been a quaint character, as the following letter to my father, who was a great favorite of the old General, shows. It is addressed, “To William. No Treasure; nothing but advice.”

“Wherever I die, it is my desire to be buried in the nearest burying-ground. I want no monument; no epitaph—‘lies like an epitaph’—If anything, a plain stone with ‘William North, a soldier of the Revolution.’ I bar you and your sisters going into mourning. If I am to be mourned, let it be by the heart, not black garments and foolish weepers streaming from the hat—the absurd custom !

W. NORTH.

“November 15, 1827. Not a gloomy, but a day of bright sunshine, and my mind serene, for which I thank God.

W. N.”

## WILLIAM L. STONE

<sup>1</sup> The reference to a canonry is explained by the following extract from one of Steuben's memoranda :

“Sans etre riche dans ma patrie ma situation etait aisi et agreeable, les emolumens que je recevais du Prince de Baden comme son Lieut.-General et ceux du Prince de Hohenzollern, comme son Marchal de Cour joint a un benefice de La Cathedrale de Havelberg que Le Roi de Prusse m'avait donne et une petite terre que J'ai entres les Etats de Wurtemberg et de Baden, cela ensemble me fournissait une revenue suffisante non seulement pour vivre avec aisance chez moi mais pour faire tout les ans un voyage pour mon plaisir.” Steuben's MSS. in Archives of the New York Historical Society, vol. xiii.

The above may be translated as follows :

“Without being rich, my situation in my country was easy and agreeable, the emoluments that I received from the Prince of Baden as his Lieutenant-General, and those of Prince Hohenzollern as his Court Marshall, added to that of a Benefice of the Cathedral of Havelberg, which the King of Prussia gave me, and a small estate that I had between the States of Wurtemberg, and Baden, that together furnished a sufficient revenue not only to live with ease at home, but to take every year a journey for pleasure.”

<sup>2</sup> It is probable that the young aide-de-camp left by Steuben sick in Virginia, and the one who followed him to his grave, “in silence and in tears,” was none other than General North himself.

In “Kapp's Life of Steuben” there is a reference to a pamphlet by North, evidently similar in its character to this sketch. The pamphlet, however, must be very rare. We have never found a copy.

## MINOR TOPICS

### I.—SIR HENRY CLINTON'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Although the papers of General Clinton, so long Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, appear to have passed, at their recent sale in London, into the hands of English collectors, the hope may be indulged that they will ultimately find their way to this country. A reference to them in the London *Athenæum*, and the more satisfactory description given by a correspondent of the New York *World*, indicate their value, and enhance the regret that they are only the remnants of the manuscripts which once belonged to Sir Henry—the remainder having been scattered during his own lifetime, and, to some extent, by his descendants since.

According to the journals mentioned, these papers include (to make three groups of them) :

1. *Correspondence and Publications*.—Washington's official letters to Clinton at various times during the war, many of the margins of which are filled with memoranda in the hand-writing of the British Commander. Two volumes containing copies of André's letters to Clinton and Washington ; a " Plan of Defence for Ireland in the event of a French invasion " (MSS. notes in the margin by Sir Henry Clinton), and manuscript poetry, etc., supposed to be partially in the hand of Major André. In one of these volumes occurs a long letter of Sir Henry Clinton, filling five folio pages and addressed to Lord George Germain, and dated New York, July, 1778. In this letter an account of the retreat from Philadelphia, the battle of Monmouth, and embarkation of the army for New York are given under Clinton's signature. Four copies of Clinton's " Narrative," bound up with Cornwallis' " Answer," and Clinton's " Observations on the Answer " (all published in 1783), copiously annotated by Sir Henry ; also Burgoyne's " State of the Expedition from Canada," Ramsey's " American Revolution," and " Memoirs of Colonel Charles Lee," nearly all annotated. Sets of Pennsylvania newspapers, 1769-1781, large paper copy of Smith's " New York," 1757, etc.

2. *Two manuscript volumes*, entitled " Private Intelligence " and " Information of Deserters and Others not Included in Private Intelligence." The first begins January 20, 1781, and consists of one hundred and fifty pages of closely-written matter, on small folio paper ; the second is a volume of the same size, of about one hundred pages. A pencil note,



written by one of the Clinton family, says of these manuscripts: "I think Sir G. Beckwith's hand." "Whether this be the case or not," writes the *World* correspondent, who examined them at the sale, "the writing bears indisputable evidence of having been written from day to day, as information came into headquarters through the agency of spies, deserters, or friends of the British, whose names in some instances are attached to the entries. Taking one or two of these days at random, occur the following in the volume marked "Private Intelligence," January 20, 1781. Page 1: "Gould came in this morning at 10 o'clock from Elizabeth town. On Sunday morning the Jersey Brigade, part of which lay at Pompton, mutinied and seized two field pieces and joined the rest of the brigade at Chatham. He saw some of them, whose complaints were about pay, &c. They told him they were determined unless they got redress to join the British. One Grant, a serjeant-major and a deserter from the British army, commands them. They say'd they would come to Elizabeth town. The militia are turned out to oppose them, and this morning he heard a very heavy firing and some cannon, and afterwards passing shots towards Elizabeth town by Springfield. A violent storm prevented his coming in before.

"—Woodruff says the same. A cousin of his, one Nicholls, is second in command."

20th. "The mutineers are at Trenton. Three regiments are discharged and gone home to Pennsylvania. One condition insisted on is, that only three officers retain their rank and command—General Wayne, Colonels Stewart and Butler. The committee of Congress consists of Sullivan, Matthews, Witherspoon and Attey. They sit at Barclay's tavern on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. The two men delivered to Wayne by the mutineers were hanged on Friday morning. Washington is at N. Windsor. The militia are collected throughout the Jerseys."

Page 3. "Mr. Washington has about 500 men with him. Headquarters at N. Windsor. The Hampshire Brigade are in West Point. The New-York Brigade stationed in Albany. All the six months' men are going home, except a few who are employed in threshing out wheat about Goshen. Forage is exceedingly scarce indeed. They have no magazines; they live from day to day. All their expectations from France have turned out nothing. He (Captain G. of one of the Massachusetts regiments) heard the French are going to quit the continent. A Mr. R. Morris told this to a gentleman of his acquaintance. The mildness of the season has prevented the expedition to Canada, which is given up. By the best accounts Ethan Allen has not yet joined tho' much discontented.

"The Pennsylvania officers say they will not serve with such rascals as

their soldiers. The revolvers have agreed to receive the arrears of pay with the depreciation, and their arrears of cloathing, which has been promised them.

"Congress leave out all the officers, who are prisoners, in the new regiments. Mr. Adams has orders not to exchange any militia for British prisoners."

3. *Maps.* A "Collection of twenty plans and maps illustrating the Province of New Jersey" (in illustration of Clinton's campaign in New Jersey), dated 1778-82. Nearly all these drawings are executed by J. Hills, the well known assistant engineer officer serving under Clinton, one of them being dedicated to him. Plan of Perth Amboy, Bonham Town, Brunswick, Raritan Landing, Haddonfield, roads from Pennyhill to the Black Horse, roads from Black Horse to Crosswick, Allen Town, roads from Freehold to Middletown, showing the skirmish between the rear of the British army, under Clinton and the advanced corps of the American army, June 28, 1778. Middle Town, a survey of part of the province of New Jersey, survey of Somerset County, of Middle County, of Monmouth County, northern part of New Jersey, chart of Delaware Bay and River to Philadelphia, being part of the provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; road from Paulus Hook [Jersey City] and Hoboken to New Bridge, Paulus Hook, with road to Bergen and parts adjacent, and plan of Paulus Hook with the works raised for its defence, 1781-82.

It is clear enough there will be something new to say about the war of the Revolution when this material, and much more like it, becomes available. The whole of it should be obtained and deposited in our public collections.

J.

## II.—MISS JANE MCCREA.

In the grounds of the Union Cemetery, on the road leading from Sandy Hill to Fort Edward, N. Y., is the grave of Miss McCrea. Her remains lie on the left-hand side of the entrance path near the gate, beneath a stone bearing the inscription:

"Here Rest the Remains  
of  
JANE MCCREA  
aged 17  
Made Captive and Murdered  
By a Band of Indians  
While on a Visit to a Relative in  
This Neighborhood  
A.D. 1777.

To Commemorate  
One of the Most Thrilling Incidents  
In the Annals of the American Revolution  
To do Justice to the fame of the Gallant  
British Officer to whom she was affianced,  
And as a Simple tribute to the  
Memory of the Departed,  
This stone is Erected  
By her Niece  
SARAH HANNA PAYN  
A.D. 1852"

The edges of the stone, which is a plain white marble one, are chipped and defaced by the relic seekers.

The inscription, it will be observed, gives her age as 17 years, but Drake's American Biography says that she was born at Leamington, N. J., in 1754, which would have made her twenty-three years old at the time of her death.

The scene of her murder is on the west side of the road near the northern part of the village of Fort Edward. Going through the gate of a private house, and crossing a fence to the left, I found myself on a declivity, partially covered with trees, overlooking the railroad track. Here, among thick bushes, is a spring, covered over with a wooden covering in two places. Within a few feet is the remnant of the stump of the famous pine-tree. At the foot of this tree, by the spring, the remains of Miss McCrea, it is said, were found. There are three accounts of the affair which should be compared, viz., "Sparks' Arnold," pp. 100-107; "Irving's Washington," vol. iii., p. 162; and "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution," vol. i., p. 97.

A writer, signing himself "A. S.," in the *New York Mirror* for August 15, 1835, throws doubts on the question as to the exact locality. He says: "Miss McCrea was found near a spring on the *east* side of the present road. She had been dragged from near the block-house adjacent to which the road then ran; for the blood was on the sand next morning. The informant of Mr. Gilliman, who gave a particular account of this affair some years ago, must have been mistaken; the spring on the west side of the road, near a tall stump of a tree, is *not* the spot where she was found. On the twenty-eighth her body and that of Lieut. Van Vechten were carried down to Moses Kill and buried. Mrs. Campbell's negro woman, who had escaped the Indians by hiding in the cellar, says she went in the boat with the corpse of Jenny down to the American army. In 1822, the remains of Miss McCrea were removed to the graveyard at Fort Edward."

CHARLES A. CAMPBELL.

## III.—“WILLIAM GRAHAM.”

Shortly prior to the appearance of the “Note” (vi., 218) here referred to, the present writer, in conversation with Henry Hill, Esq., a venerable former Boston merchant, but whose first clerkship was in this city, received from him some account of Graham’s remarkable career and its tragic termination. In a late letter, also, he has suggested that a correct record of this his early friend and school-mate “might be of service to young men similarly exposed,” sending us with it a brief biographical sketch from his own skilful pen, printed on a broad sheet, and headed: “William Grenville Graham. By an Octogenarian.” It is an interesting narrative, and gives several beautiful extracts from Graham’s letters to himself when the former was in England. We here learn that he was born in Catskill, N. Y., early in 1793, “was a noble, beautiful boy, naturally graceful, affectionate, generous, talented, but impulsive, venturesome, daring.” Of their boyhood-life together out of school, we quote an incident illustrative: “On a sailing excursion once, on a raw and gusty day,” says the narrator, “we got into an ill-constructed craft, which was soon partially capsized, and, being heavily ballasted, sunk like lead. Graham, in his Spring suit, swam for the opposite shore, and as Judge Cantine, a very tall man, rushed into the water and was about to reach him, he cried out: ‘Never mind me; go for Harry!’” His father, Joseph Graham, failing in business in Catskill, removed to New York, where he kept a popular boarding-house at 88 Pearl Street, became a religious man and a member of the old Cedar Street Presbyterian Church. In a letter written by Graham from England to his friend Hill, in 1816, he thus refers to their different family training: “You were more rigidly brought up at home, and taught self-management betimes.” Perhaps here was the *fons mali* of his after years. He studied in Union College, also subsequently at New Haven, whence he entered the law office of Barent Gardenier of this city, of the firm of “Gardenier and Anthon,” in Wall Street, as early as 1807-8. Gardenier was a member of Congress, and represented the 7th Congressional District, Kingston, N. Y., in the Xth Congress, and again the 5th District in the XIth, in both terms representing Greene and Ulster counties. He fought a duel when in Congress; a sad legal example to his student who afterward fell a victim to that false code of honor. In London Graham, a stranger, needy, and impelled by illness, was befriended by a philanthropic gentleman of fortune by the name of Burdon, who sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge. There his old Catskill mate spent a pleasant day with him. Graham subsequently wrote him from Hartford House, Northumberland, Mr. Burdon’s country-seat. The two did not meet again until 1826, when they dined together at Niblo’s.

He was then assisting Major Noah in editing the *Enquirer*, and wrote a number of articles that were read with much interest, particularly some on "Good Society," not yet forgotten by old New Yorkers. A few weeks after, when playing cards with young Barton, of Philadelphia, a hasty word was followed by a blow, then a challenge, a duel, and a fatal shot. He died in a boat from Hoboken on returning to New York. As he fell he exclaimed, "Barton, I forgive you."

WILLIAM HALL

#### IV.—THE YORKTOWN-WASHINGTON MULBERRY TREE.

In his Yorktown Centennial Oration, Mr. Winthrop indulges in a glowing reference to the tree under which Washington is said to have slept on the first night of the investment of the town, September 28, 1781. "You will all agree with me, my friends," to quote the orator, "that if that tree, which overshadowed Washington sleeping in the open air on his way to Yorktown, were standing to-day—if it had escaped the necessities and casualties of the siege, and were not cut down for the abattis of a redoubt, or for camp-fires and cooking-fires, long ago—if it could anyhow be found and identified in yonder Beech Wood, or Locust Grove, or Carter's Grove—no Wellington Beech or Napoleon Willow, no Milton or even Shakespeare Mulberry, no Oak of William the Conqueror at Windsor, or of Henri IV. at Fontainebleau, nor even those historic trees which gave refuge to the fugitive, Charles II., or furnished a hiding-place for the Charter which he granted to Connecticut on his Restoration, would be so precious and so hallowed in all American eyes and hearts to the latest generation."

The tree is there—what remains of it; so at least say those who have long dwelt under the shadow of its offspring, which has grown out of the parent stump. During a visit to Yorktown before the celebration, the writer was curious to fix the spot of Washington's Headquarters, which, with the plans of the siege and the aid of an officer of the United States Engineer Corps, it was not difficult to do. The site has always been known as the "Washington Lodge," where a house stands, whose occupant, Mr. Jones, assured us that a fine old Mulberry tree adjoining the premises was the lineal continuation of the one under which Washington slept, as stated. This tradition in his family comes straight down from his grandfather, who was a Virginia militiaman at the siege. The original house which Washington soon made his quarters, and in front of which he also pitched his marquee, was burned down during the late war, only the kitchen chimneys of the historic building remaining. Irving had heard and states that the tree was a Mulberry. It stands two and one-half miles back of Yorktown, undisturbed, unvisited, unphotographed.

J.



## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. JOHN  
GRAHAM,CHAPLAIN TO CONNECTICUT TROOPS IN THE  
EXPEDITION TOWARD CROWN POINT, 1756

The Rev. John Graham, of Woodbury, Conn., was the second son of one of the Marquises of Montrose, being born in Edinburgh, 1694. Coming to Boston in 1718, he married Abigail, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chauncey. He settled at Exeter, N.H., and afterward at Stafford, Conn. In 1732 he became minister of Southbury Society, Woodbury, continuing there until his death, December, 1774, in the eighty-first year of his age. The Connecticut Colonial Records (x. 483) recite that "this Assembly do appoint the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. David Jewet, of New London, the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. John Norton, of Middleton, the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. Grayham, of Woodbury, to be Chaplains in the forces to be raised in this Colony for the Expedition against Crown Point."

Though appointed he does not appear to have gone to the field, as he was already far advanced in years. The journal, however, indicates that his son took his place, as the writer of the journal mentions his "father Graham." This son was the minister of Suffield, near the northern border of the State on the Connecticut River. Chaplain Graham appears as the typical New England parson of the period, being conscientious, devout, morbid, and superstitious, believing in signs, and accepting ventral grumblings as positive indications of the will of the Lord.

The troops raised by Connecticut consisted of four regiments, under General Phineas Lyman, a very brave and

able officer, who served under General Johnson at the battle of Lake George, the year previous, and who conducted the fight after Johnson retired to his tent wounded. Though so greatly indebted to Lyman, General Johnson did not mention him in the dispatches, and, while acknowledging his indebtedness in private, carried off all the honors. A full and appreciative sketch of Lyman will be found in "Dwight's Travels" (i. 305, iii. 361). The intended campaign against Crown Point, however, failed, owing to the inefficiency of Lord Loudon, who had succeeded to the command in North America, a man described to Franklin by Innis as being like St. George on the signs, always on horseback but never getting forward. Loudon had about fifty thousand troops under his control, but did little. At Lake George and vicinity the troops accomplished nothing beyond the operations referred to in the Journal, where the Connecticut troops do not appear to much advantage, and hardly justifying the devout traditions of their ancestors.

Suffield was the home of both Chaplain Graham and General Lyman. Leaving this place they went first to Suffrage and Canaan; thence going northward to Sheffield, Massachusetts. The route was then pursued to Kinderhook, on the Hudson, and along the river to Greenbush, opposite Albany, afterwards arriving at Half Moon, at the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

Friday. June. 11 1756. About one o'clock, P.M. set out from Home in the Expedition to Crown Point in Company

with the Honourable Phineas Lyman Esq. Maj<sup>r</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> of the Army and Sundry others—Came that Night to Oliver Humphrys of Suffrage.<sup>1</sup> Lodged here

Saturday June 12. 1756. Had but Little Sleep. rose, under great Exercise of mind whether I, under my Bodily infirmities could be in the way of my Duty to Engage in an Affair attended with So much Labour and Fatigue ; But Spreading my Case before God, addressed myself to my Journey Still pleading that God would direct my path ; and if it was not his pleasure that I should go, Y<sup>t</sup> I might know it by the encrease of my infirmities, on the Contra, if his pleasure that Health and Strength might be allowed ride with dejected spirits till Noon

Began to feel more Comfortable, had some refreshing Sense that I was in the hand [of] God, that he was able to Improve me for his Glory and hon<sup>r</sup>—and that I had nothing to do, but to sanctify God himself and make him my fear, and him my Dread

Came at Night to Cap<sup>t</sup> Lawrances at Canaan where we Lodged

*Sabbath Day June. 13. 1756* Still concern'd how to approve myself unto God, and men in my present Business ; felt But weak and Infirm in Body ; Yet set out and Came that night to Garet Koons in the upper part of Sheffield, where we lodged and thank God felt more Comfortable both in Body and mind

*Monday June. 14. 1756* Rested Comfortable Last Night, and with much pleas-

<sup>1</sup> Oliver Humphrey was the first magistrate of West Simsbury, taking up his residence at Suffrage Village, now Canton, in 1742. Barber says that Suffrage took its name from the sufferings there endured by the settlers.

ure addressed myself to my Journey in Company—at Night Came to Esq. Vanscoit at Kenderhook where we Lodged.

Tuesday June 15. 1756—Came to Col: Ransley at Green Bush about 5 o'Clock—P.M. where we put up.

Tuesday June 22. 1756—Continued to keep at Col. Ransley all the week past—preached a Sabbath day past in the Dutch *Chh.* P.M. from *Isai.* 8. 13—this Day left Col. Ransleys and intended to go up to the Camp at the Half Moon—But taken with an Ague fit and Squirey was Detained at Mr. Wendell

Wednesday June 23. Continued very ill But thro' goodness at Night my Throat Brok

Thursday. June 24. 1756. felt much more Comfortable, and walked abroad

Friday June 25. 1756. Recruited fast.

Saturday June 26. Set out for the Camp where I arrived about 9 o'Clock P.M.

Rec<sup>d</sup> a Letter from B<sup>r</sup> Judd. & B<sup>r</sup> Bull Camp at Half Moon.

Sabbath June 27. 1756. Preached P.M. from *ps.* 84. 12. The assembly appeared not only Serious but many Effected—Thanks be to God the Glorious Head ; all Influences.

*Munday June 28. 1756.* Rose Comfortable attended Duties of the Camp. favoured w<sup>t</sup> a Letter from my spouse. Dated June 24.

Nothing Remarkable Happened

Dispatched a Letter for my wife

*Tuesday June 29. 1756.* Rec<sup>d</sup> a Letter from my wife, giving me the Satisfaction of the Health of my Family—Lord Continue it—Rec<sup>d</sup> also Letters from Father Graham, B<sup>r</sup> Crouch. &c

Wednesday June 30. 1756. Sent a letter this Morning to my wife ; this

evening the Malancally News of L<sup>t</sup> Grant and p'y of fourteen that were out in Scout Cutt off or Captivated—going to Fort Massachusetts<sup>1</sup>

Thursday July 1. 1756. Rose Comfortably this Morning. Sent a Letter to Father Graham & Cap<sup>t</sup> Peck

Friday July. 2. 1756. Nothing remarkable Happened on 'This Day all the Regin<sup>ts</sup> Encamped at half Moon of Cannon heard at Fort Edward Judged to be at Fort Will<sup>m</sup> Henry.<sup>2</sup> the firing said to begin about 8 o'Clock P.M. and continue till about 2 o'Clock next morning. Whereupon

Thursday July 8. There was a party of men, about 300 Sent of under the Command of Mj<sup>r</sup> Stores to go up to the forts, and if Distressed to relieve them—Twas also reported that there was a Number of Battoes filled with the Enemy that turned the point that runs into the Lake,<sup>3</sup> in fair Sight of the Fort

This Day a Heavy storm of rain Hail Thunder and Lightening about 2 o'Clock & 30 Minutes Past M.

Excessive and Sultry Hott before the Storm, more temperate since

The storm Came on again about 7 o'Clock. and held Till about 12 o'Clock at Night—This Evening returned the scout of 120, from Fort Massachusetts that went out last Saturday, all well. and report that they found 8 men Dead, one of which was L<sup>t</sup> Grant: Made no Discovery of the Enemy. L<sup>t</sup> Grant found w<sup>t</sup> a Sow Hogg in his Back

<sup>1</sup> Near or in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

<sup>2</sup> At the head of Lake George; besieged and destroyed by Montcalm, 1757.

<sup>3</sup> Lake St. Sacrement, afterward "Lake George."

Friday July 9. 1756. Nothing remarkable Happened this morning

Saturday July. 10. 1756. no remarkable Events. happen

Sabbath Day July. 11. Preached at the upper half Moon, A.M. a [on] Mark. 16. 16 P.M. a [on] John 5 50<sup>1</sup> under Considerable disorder. By reason of the Dyscentary,—The Joyfull News of the Victory, obtain'd by Col. Broadstreet over the french and Indians, about Nine miles this Side of Oswago. Lost on our side 40, and 20 Wounded—toke 2 Captives, about 60 Guns, Packs &c. and killed a Great N. [number] not Certain how many<sup>2</sup>

Monday July 12. Nothing Remarkable Happened

Tuesday July. 13. 1756. Sent of a Detachment of men for the Artillery and Ordinance Stores to Albany

Wednesday, 14. July. the party returned Bro't up the Cannon &c &

Thursday, July 15. we De Camped began our March forward, about 1 o'Clock with all the Artillery, Ordinance Stores and Baggage in about 300 Waggons and 100 Teams—Marched 7. miles to the Half way House. Encamped. about 7 o'Clock all's well

Friday. July. 16. De Camped and Marched about 1 o'clock, Arrived at Fort Winslow at Still Water, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 7 o'Clock. Saluted with 7 Cannon from the Fort—I was much fatigued traveling on foot Saturday, July. 17. Continued our March, ie [with] the Army; I came by Water with Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman, &c also the Artillery and Ordinance Stores, were transported by Water to Fort Hardy at Sura-

<sup>1</sup> There is no St. John v: 50.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to the expedition against Fort Du Quesne.

toga. the Army arrived about 8 o'Clock much wearied and fatagued with there Long march

Lords day July, 18. 1756—as we Escaped Last night, and the Army Something Beat out—tho't proper to Lye still—therefore sent of a Detachment of 700 men to Gaurd the Teams and Wagons To Fort Miller, and only a Sufficient Guard to be Sent Back with Teams &c the rest to proceed forward to Fort Edw<sup>d</sup> P.M. about 5 o'Clock Cap rogers<sup>1</sup> arrived with 8 Captives, and, four Scalps. a Council of War Held, the Prisoners Examined, Nothing special found out by them

Also a Great many french Letters brot in—the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Swain Preached A M & M<sup>r</sup> Hawley P.M. Much Disorded all the forenoon—More Comfortable P:M

Munday July 19. still Continue our Encampment at Suratoga. P.M. about 5 o'Clock arrived the Guard from fort Miller, who bring the following advice that Last saturday a party of Indians about 20 Came upon our men at Lake George about 80 in Number and killed 3. and took 2, and wounded Several others. We afterwards were informed 1<sup>st</sup> [there] were 60 in y<sup>e</sup> party

Tuesday, July 20. 1756—We Decamped & marched about 9 o'Clock, Came that Night to the Small Plain, about 6, o'Clock 4 Miles South of Fort Edward—Gen<sup>l</sup> Winslow arrived at Fort Edward with y<sup>e</sup> first Division, Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman with the 2<sup>d</sup> Division Encamped at the small plain—alls well

<sup>1</sup> Captain Robert Rogers, who in the winter of 1755 was very active scouting on Lake St. Sacrement. During the Revolution he commanded some British Rangers.

Wednesday July 21. about 7 o'Clock M. Struck our Tents, and Marched—arrived at Fort Edward about 12 o'Clock—Dined at Col. Worsters Encamped on the plain North of the Fort

Thursday, July 22. 1756. Last night the whole Camp alarmed, Called to Arms abo't  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 1 at night, By the firing of the Centery, at what they knew not

This day came the News of Mr. Chapine being Killed, and anoy<sup>r</sup> Man, and his Family Captivated, who Lived at or Near Fort Massachusetts

Friday July 23. Nothing remarkable.

Saturday July, 24. Nothing Extraordinary

Sabbath Day July, 25. Preached to the Connecticut Troops in the fore Noon from ps. 78. 37. Mr. Lee P.M.—About 7 of the Clock P.M. the scouting party Came in from Fort Miller, with three french men who Came in there, and Surrendered themselves. they were three Days out of Tionderoga—and give the following account upon Examination—here reference had to the Examination Rec. Letters from Home &c

Munday July, 26. The Team and Waggon Guard came from fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry and Inform, that in Morning, a party of french and Indians, judged to be about 60. and attacted our men, looking for y<sup>e</sup> oxen. Killed and Scalped Two Rhode Island Teamers. Another had his Leg Broke to peices by a Shot from y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, and Cap<sup>t</sup> Lotridge had a bullit shot thro' the fore Peak of his Hatt. But our men with boldness withstood them, drive them off, and Recovery'd many of there packs, and Blankets &c. Especially there Surgeons pack, with Gown Medecines &c—Sent Letters Home

Tuesday July, 27.—Nothing Extraordinary

Wednesday July 28, Gen<sup>l</sup> Winslow moved off with 1,360 men to Fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry—Nothing Remarkable. Labour under great discouragements for find my Business but mein in the Esteem of many, and think there's not much for a Chaplain to do, Some that I might hope for better things, thinks it's too presuming for a minister to tell the officers or soldiers there particular Duties But Leave the officers to order just as I think best and the Chaplain to tell the Soldiers I must be ordily and attend Duty. O Lord to <sup>be</sup> [thee] belongs praise and glory, teach me how to live and Conduct that I may Conduct myself both faithfully and acceptably

Friday July 30. 1756. Nothing remarkable Yesterday nor to Day, spent this Day in Study, am Considerably Comfortable in bodily health, have no great prospect of Being servicable as a Chaplain

Saturday July 31. Things remain much in the same Situation as of Late, the Reconnoitering parties made discoveries of the Enemy sent

Lord's Day August 1, 1756—150 men Hedded by Col. Nathan Pason went to in pursuit of the Enemy—Nothing

Preached A.M. To Boston and Connecticut troops from Jer. 7. 2—P.M. To New Hampshire force from Rom. 2. 4.

Munday Aug<sup>st</sup> 2. A party of men sent to mend the Road, of 100, a Scout of 11 men Headed by Cap<sup>t</sup> Sheperd Sent out from s<sup>d</sup> party, who steered there Course Eastward, and about 4 Miles E from the Road, in the Side of a Swamp discovered the Enemy and fired upon

them, the Enemy returned the fire with Hedious Yells, and Large Numbers Rushed out, that our men were obliged to Escape—two Came to the party at the Roads—an Express Came into Camp, from Col. Hart who headed the party of 100 men informing us of the Affair

A Detachment of 300 men under the command of Maj<sup>r</sup> Paterson, were sent out immediately for the Relief of Col. Hart, who was about 87 Miles<sup>1</sup> upon the Road to Lake George. Maj<sup>r</sup> Paterson Marched his men being very dark, fell in with Enemy who had ambushed the Road about 5 Miles from the Camp; the fire Began very Brisk on both side, but all fired a Randum not see any object to Shote at—in which one Regular was Killed, Cap<sup>t</sup> Titcumb wounded and three or four More—About 3 o'clock the News Came to Camp, a Detachm<sup>t</sup> of 200 More were immediately Sent out who Tuesday Aug. 3. Joined the others and toke there Rout Eastward. Came across the Enemies Camp in a Hideous Swamp and Drive of the Enemy to take 2 Waggon Load of Bread, and a Large Quantity of other Stores—Distroyed all and Came of—also this Morning our Dead and wounded bro't in

Wednesday Aug<sup>st</sup> 4. 1756—Gen<sup>l</sup> Winslow Came from fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry to fort Edward Escorted by 300 men—Col. Angel with three Hundred detached out of the forces here; under his Command went out upon Discovery

Thursday Aug<sup>st</sup> 5. This morning a Reconnoitering party, that went out Yesterday Morning, Returned, and Advice. that they discovered Signs of four partys of the Enemy. to the N. E. Stearing there

<sup>1</sup> Probably means seven miles.



Course to the Waggon Road from this fort to fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry Judged there had been two Hundred in the whole of the four parties of the Enemy

About 10 o'clock Gen<sup>l</sup> Winslow Set off from this fort towards Albany to wait upon the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Lord John, Earl of Loudon

Maj<sup>r</sup> Thomson Order'd to return with his men to fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry to about a Mile, East of the path, and Col. Doty w<sup>t</sup> 170 men to March about a Mile E of Maj<sup>r</sup> Thomson, and to Sustain Each oy<sup>r</sup> if attack'd by the Enemy

No News from the Scouting party but all things at present Secure

Lord be thou our Defence and Safe Guard

Friday, Aug<sup>st</sup> 6. 1756—the scout return'd from Wooderick<sup>1</sup> this morning, and Say that they have made no discovery a Little before 4, P. M. o'clock a Storm of Thunder Came over with Severe Gusts of wind, attended with Hail, oversett many Tents — &c

L<sup>t</sup> Col. Doty. Returned with his men about  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 4. P. M. Made no discovery of the Enemy

Col. Angel Return'd. made but little discovery, found one [of] Cap<sup>t</sup> Shepards men Dead, and buried him, found the pictures two more upon peel'd trees;<sup>2</sup> With the Signs of mortal wounds &c

Saturday Aug<sup>st</sup> 7. 1756. Twas with much Exercise of mind I spent the Day Considering the awfull growing wicked of the Camp—and nothing Effectual attempted to restrain—Lord Do thou re-

strain us and turn us to thee and we shall be saved

Sabbath day, Aug<sup>st</sup> 8—One of the small scouts return and bro't word that a large Number of Enemy Lay in a Swamp within a few Miles from the Camp. Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman Order'd a Party of four Hundred to be immediately Sent out under the Command and Direction of Col. Fitch—who scoured the woods but made no Discovery of the Enemy themselves but saw some of there being very Lately in that place

M<sup>r</sup> Norton Preach A. M.—and I preached P. M. from Jos. 24. 15—may it be word made Effectual to reform us—at night Rec<sup>d</sup>. Letters from Home by the hand of M<sup>r</sup> Austin of Suffield

Munday Aug<sup>st</sup> 9. Spent the day in writing to my fater, wife &c

Nothing Remarkable happened

Tuesday 10. Aug<sup>st</sup> things remain much in the Same Situation; the Sickness Encreases very fast, and deaths Multiplied

Wednesday, 11. and Thursday 12.

Nothing Special

Friday Aug<sup>st</sup> 13. Joyful News Came this day to Camp, that the Stockbrige Indians<sup>1</sup> were come into Fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry, and had bro't in two french Scalps, and report the Enemies Camp at Tionderoga looks to be bigger than the Camp at Fort W<sup>m</sup> and this place both together; that they have Eight Store Houses, and a Great number of Barrels lying on the shore, and Battoes a great many

Saturday 14. 1756. Dined at Col. Harts with Col. Angel and Col. N. Payson—Nothing Remarkable happen'd

<sup>1</sup> Wood's Creek, in South Bay.

<sup>2</sup> These appear to be marks cut upon the trees for the guidance of those out in search of missing men.

<sup>1</sup> They appear to have accompanied the troops to Lake St. Sacrement, bringing scalps, which fact evidently elevates the spirits of the Chaplain.

Lords Day Aug<sup>th</sup> 15 M<sup>r</sup> Norton  
Preached M. I preached P. M. from Is.  
8. 19

Munday, Aug<sup>th</sup> 16. sent Letter to my  
Father & Tho<sup>s</sup> Truesdell of Danbury.

Col. Fitch, and Col. N Payson went off  
for south Bay,<sup>1</sup> With 450 men and the  
Regular Ingeneir to Survey that Country,  
and the Bay, for purposes not known in  
Gen<sup>l</sup> but Supposed in Order to Build a  
Fort there if need Require

This Evening about  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 9 Gen<sup>l</sup>  
Winslow and attendents arrived from Al-  
bany—Nothing yet Devulged, but kept  
Secret

Tuesday Aug<sup>th</sup> 17. 1756

Breakfasted this morning with y<sup>e</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup>  
—But a graceless meal—Nev<sup>r</sup> a Bless-  
ing—Asked, nor Thanks given—At the  
Evening Sacrifice, a more open Scene of  
wickedness. the Gen<sup>l</sup> and Head officers  
with Some of the Regular officers—in  
Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman Tent, within 4 Rods of the  
place of Publik prayers;

None came to prayers; but fixing a  
Table without the Door of the Tent.  
where a Head Col, was posted to make  
punch in y<sup>e</sup> Sight of all they within  
Drinking, talking and Laughing During  
the whole of the Service to the distur-  
bance and disaffection of most present

This was not only a bare neglect but  
an Open Contempt of the Worship of  
God, by the Heads of this Army Twas  
but last Sabbath that Gen<sup>l</sup> L——n spent  
the Time of Divine Service in the After-  
noon, in his Tent Drinking in Company  
with M<sup>r</sup> Gourden a Regular officer—I  
have oft heard Cursing and Swearing in  
his presence, by some pas<sup>t</sup> field officers,  
but never heard a reproof, Nor so much

as a Checck to them for taking the Name  
of God in Vain, Come from his Mouth  
nor in the least to intimate his dislike of  
Such Language in the Time of it—tho  
he never Uses Such Language himself,  
but in private Conversation, when I  
have Spoken of it to him he disapproves  
of it to me—Lord what is man,—truly  
the May Game of Fortune—Lord make  
me Know my Duty What I ought to do

Wednesday Aug<sup>th</sup> 18. 1756, Last  
night Col. Glazer geting into Anger with  
the Cap<sup>t</sup> of the Fort Guard, Close by my  
Window where there was nothing to be  
heard from Glazer but Damn and G—d.  
D—n, You

Here the Journal abruptly ends. On  
the succeeding pages are the following  
memoranda, "L. M." signifying lawful  
money. The Chaplain appears to have  
mixed the classics with themes of war.

for Sarg<sup>t</sup> Pumroy's Son to Get

1. Virgil
2. Tullys orations with Notes
3. a Greek Grammer

Rec<sup>d</sup> a 30. Bill Oct<sup>r</sup> Date

Gad Sheldon Greek Lexicon

Grammar

Latin Grammar

Rec<sup>d</sup> three Dollars

M<sup>r</sup> Bull paid L. M.

a Farmington.....	L — 3 — 10
Southington.....	1 — 8
idem.....	— 8
Waterbury.....	— 6
idem.....	2 — 2
idem.....	— 10
Woodbury.....	—
New Milford.....	4 — 9

14 — 5

<sup>1</sup> The southern extension of Lake Champlain.

ferry .....	8	
House in the Woods .....	8	
New Fairfield .....	—	3
	18	— 9
York Money .....		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Dan <sup>t</sup> Bemus .....	2	— 8
John Brown .....	5	— 6
	8	— 2
6 — 1 — 2		
18 — 9		
1 — 4 — 10 — 2	10	
10 — 10 — 2		
0 — 0	12 — 5 — 1	
	10 — 10 — 1	
	1 — 7 — 0	
	1 — 2 — 2	
	2 — 9 — 2	

Business for Ab<sup>m</sup>. Curtis

## To Carry two Letters

To Inform M<sup>r</sup> Kapon, and Amos Curtis I have all my money but there's

am to take M<sup>r</sup> Kassons of his B<sup>r</sup>— have power to abate one Dollar of the Sum in the Note

Rec<sup>d</sup> also a Note of Amos Curtis to Ab<sup>m</sup>. Curtis—

Symsbury, L. 1 — 2 — 2

Tole ..... 2 — 2

Farmington ..... 8 —

Southington ..... 1 — 9

Waterbury ..... 1 — 5

W<sup>t</sup> of York—4 — 3 — 3

## BETTY WASHINGTON'S TEA

The letter book of Mr. John Ball, uncle of Washington, is in the possession of a descendant, Mr. L. M. Downman, of

Washington, D. C., who has copied several letters for our use, among them being the following, addressed to Elizabeth Washington. In this connection it may be stated that we have been informed recently by a connection of the Washingtons, that there has always been in the family a tradition to the effect that, on one occasion, during the anti-tea times, Elizabeth Washington was caught, to her overwhelming confusion, in a private tea-drinking, thereby greatly scandalizing her own fair fame and the patriots' cause. What connection there may have been between this sad breach of public faith and the following letter, the reader must himself decide :

STRATFORD BY LONDON 2<sup>nd</sup> Nov. 1749  
Couz. Betty

I have sent you by your brother Major Washington a Tea Chest, and in it Six Silver Spoons and Strainer, and Tongs, of the same, and in one Canister  $\frac{1}{4}$  L. of Green Tea, and in the other as much Bohee : and the Sugar box is full of Sugar ready broke : So that as Soon as you get your Chest you may sit down, and drink a Dish of Tea. I rec<sup>d</sup> your Mothers Letters ; give my Love to her, and all your brothers and Sisters, and to Rawleigh Travers, and Mrs Cook, and Peter Daniel and his Wife. We are all well I thank God ; and wish you all so. My Wife and Daughter join with me in Compliments

I am Your Loving Uncle

J. B.

To Miss Eliz : Washington  
Nigh the Falls of Rappahannock  
By fa<sup>m</sup> of Major Lawrence  
Washington.

## REPRINT

THE STATUE TO WILLIAM PITT,  
EARL OF CHATHAM, IN CHARLES-  
TON, S. C.

The history of this statue illustrates the uncertainty attached to personal popularity, for the counterfeit presentment of the illustrious Pitt has proved a subject of alternate admiration and contempt. The wise and the unwise have illustrated the changes in public opinion, though we owe it, finally, to the intelligence of the City of Charleston, that the monument is once more decently placed in an appropriate position. The documentary account, reprinted from the *Literary Journal*, gives the story of the statue, procured at the expense of the public, which afterward paid the workmen for taking it down, while the crowd shouted for joy when "old Pitt," in the hurried descent, "lost his head." It appears now, however, that it was the mob that lost its head, though, as the accompanying engraving shows, a cannon-ball in 1780 came into town from the "Water-melon Battery," and carried away the eloquent statesman's arm. Otherwise the work is in a tolerable state of preservation, and its restoration gives much satisfaction. From the *Charleston News and Courier*, of May 30, 1881, we learn that—

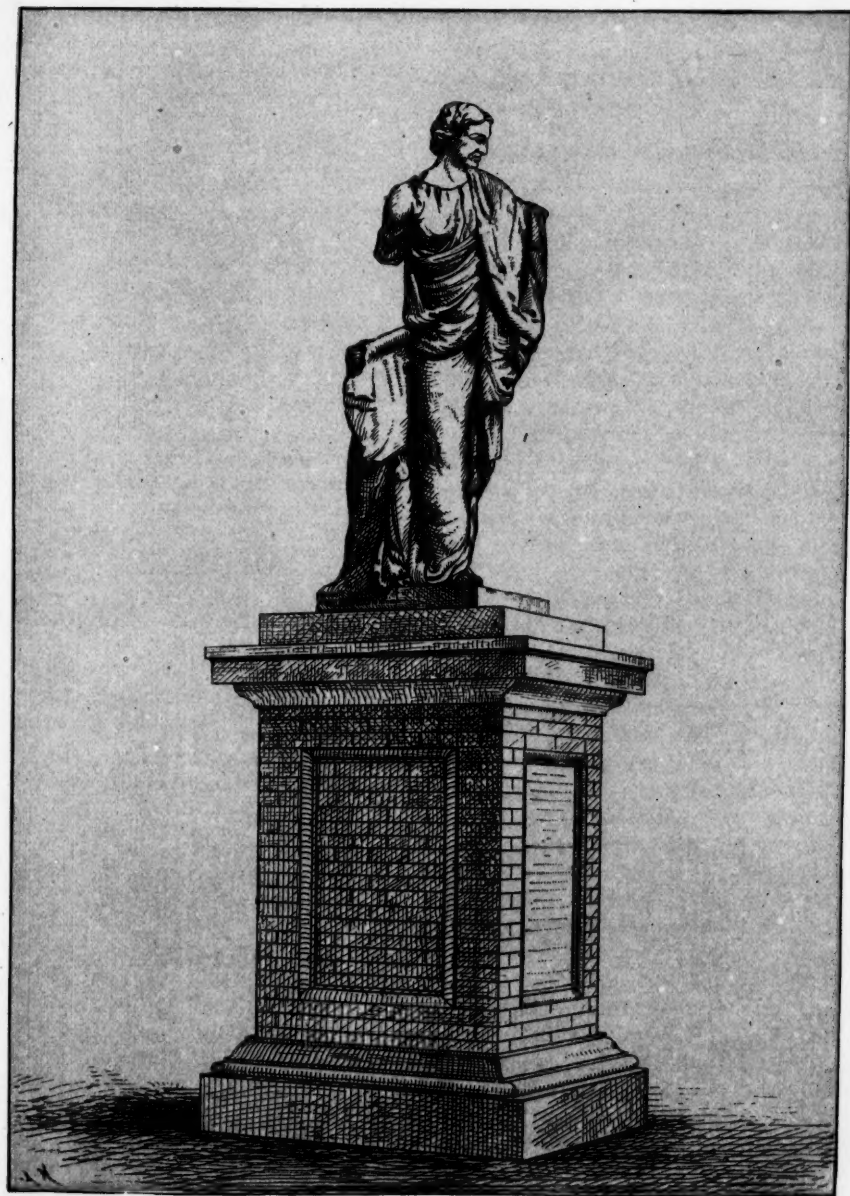
"After the monument had been thrown down by the workmen, the fragments of the statue were gathered up and stowed away in some of the public buildings, where they remained with less dignified rubbish until the year 1808, when the commissioners of the Orphan House had them collected and erected the statue

within the area fronting that institution, where it remained standing until it was taken down at the request of the South Carolina Historical Society and by order of the City Council, and removed to the City Park, near the spot where it first stood.

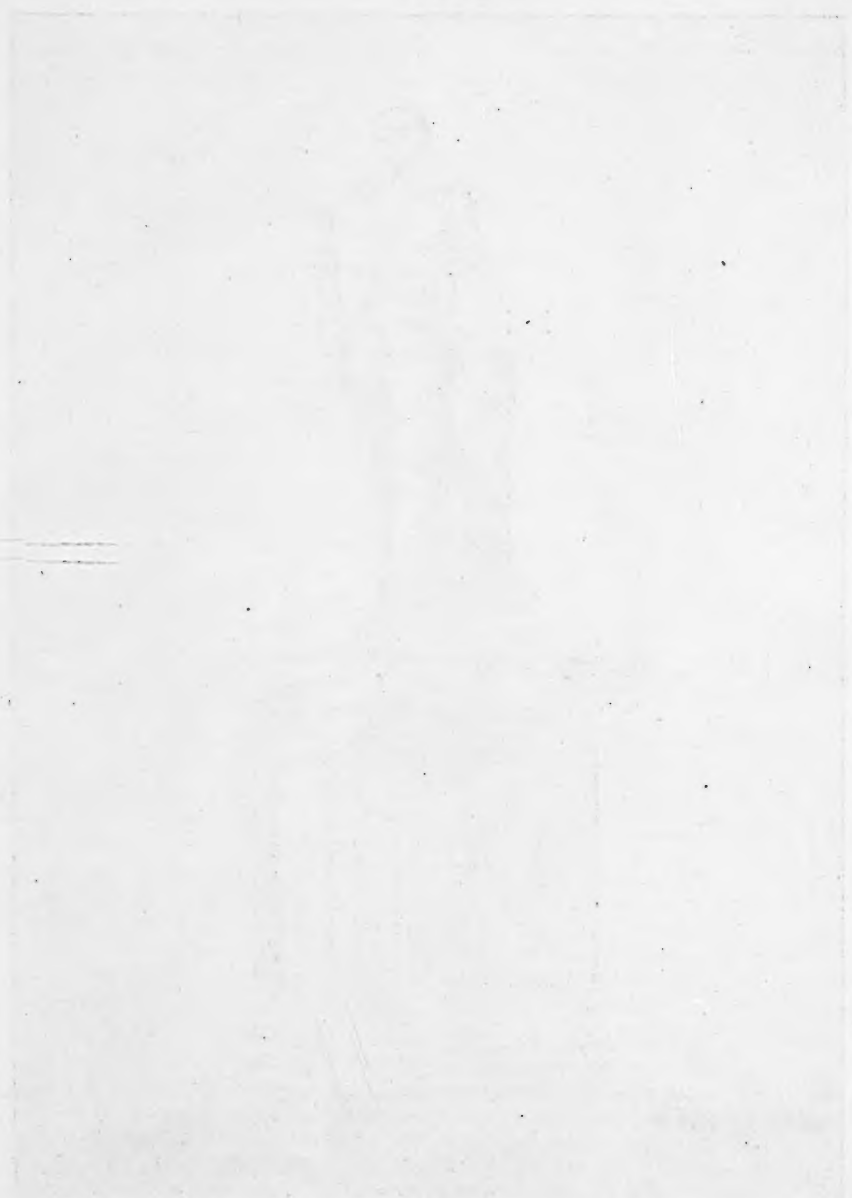
Mayor Courtenay has directed the work of re-erecting the statue. The base of the new monument is made of Fairfield county granite, and is five feet and six inches square by one foot and three inches thick. Upon this is built of pressed red and buff brick work the pedestal, into the die of which the panels containing the inscriptions are fitted. There are two panels of fine Italian marble (one of which is the panel that belonged to the original monument) three feet and six inches high by two feet and six inches in width. The pedestal is capped with a fine cornice of native granite five feet and six inches square, and one foot thick. Upon this cornice is placed the statue. The original panel of the monument faces Meeting street. It is somewhat stained by the lapse of time, but contains the following well preserved inscription :

## THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION

In grateful memory  
of his services to his country in general,  
And to America in particular  
The Commons House of Assembly  
of South Carolina,  
Unanimously voted  
This Statue  
of  
The Right Honorable William Pitt, Esqr.,  
how  
Gloriously exerted himself  
In defending the freedom of Americans.  
The true sons of England,







By promoting a repeal  
Of the Stamp Act,  
In the year 1766.  
Time

Shall sooner destroy  
This mark of their esteem  
Than

Erase from their minds  
Their just sense  
Of his patriotic virtues.

[THE NEW INSCRIPTION]

Upon the new panel, placed on the opposite side of the pedestal, is the following inscription :

This statue was voted in May, 1766,  
On motion of Rawlins Lowndes, Esq.,  
and was erected at the  
intersection of Broad and Meeting streets  
July 5th, 1769,

The right arm was destroyed by the fire  
of the English batteries on James Island  
during the siege of Charlestown  
in 1780.

It was removed March 13th, 1794,  
and

Re-erected by the Board of Commissioners  
of the Orphanhouse  
in front of that building  
in 1808.

At the request of  
the South Carolina Historical Society,  
and by order of

The City Council of Charleston,

It was removed to this spot  
under the direction of

Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay, Mayor,  
May, 1881.

NOTE—The New York Statue to the Earl Chatham now stands in a mutilated condition in the Refectory of the New York Historical Society. A full account of it may be found in Stevens' Progress of New York in a Century, an address delivered before the New York Historical Society December 5, 1876, and published for it. So much of it as con-

cerned the statue was reprinted in the Magazine (VII, 67) as a reply to a query on the subject.

LORD CHATHAM'S STATUE

*Extracts from the Southern Literary Journal,  
Vol. 1, No. 5, for January, 1836*

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was received in Charleston on Saturday, the 3d of May, 1766. It was brought by Captain Josiah Dickinson, in the sloop Sukey and Nancy, from Barbadoes. "As soon," says the South Carolina Gazette, of the 6th of May, 1766, "as the foregoing very agreeable and important intelligence was known, a general joy appeared in the countenance of every well wisher of his country, and the glorious cause of liberty. At four o'clock, in the afternoon, the artillery company, commanded by Christopher Gadsden, Esq., and the company of light infantry, commanded by Thomas Savage, Esq., appeared under arms, and went through their exercise, firing, &c. In the evening, the town was handsomely illuminated, and the day closed with loyalty and mirth, echoing with loyal toasts to his majesty king George III., the great patriot, Mr. Pitt, and our worthy friends in England."

The town was also illuminated on the evening of the 5th; but the gratitude of the people of the province did not stop here. The Commons House of Assembly, which was in session at this time, unanimously resolved, "that they would make provision for defraying the expense of procuring, from England, a marble statute of the Right Honorable William Pitt, to be erected in this province as a memorial and testimony of the great

veneration and respect they have for his person, and the obligations they lie under, in common with the rest of his majesty's American subjects, as well for his services in general to his king and country, as for his noble, disinterested and generous assistance towards obtaining the REPEAL of the STAMP ACT; and it was referred to the committee of correspondence, as soon as may be, to write to the agent to procure the same, to be done in the most finished and elegant manner."—*South Carolina Gazette, May 13, 1766.* Rawlins Lowndes, Esq., was the mover of this resolution.

In the tax act of 1766, the House of Assembly granted the sum of seven thousand pounds, Carolina currency, to procure this statue. I have never seen all the correspondence on this subject, which ensued between the committee of the House and Charles Garth, Esq., who was, at that time, agent of the province in England; but, in looking over some old papers, the other day, in the Secretary of State's office, I accidentally found the following letter of this gentlemen, addressed, without doubt, to the committee of correspondence:

LONDON, July 9, 1766

*Gentlemen:* On the 1st inst. I had the honor of your favor of the 13th of May. I need not say that I had a very particular pleasure in hearing the joyful reception which the repeal of the Stamp Act has met with in America; as needless will it be to tell you how much I approve and am pleased with the commission you have given me to procure, for you, a statue of Mr. Pitt. It is a mark of grateful respect, in my opinion, extremely judiciously pointed. Taking the lead, and expressing his opinions in that able and spirited manner he did on the 14th of January, 1766, ought ever to be held in remem-

brance by every true friend and well wisher to the liberty, the peace and welfare of his majesty's dominions. By the first post I wrote to Mr. Pitt to apprise him of the compliment passed in your House of Assembly, enclosed him their resolutions, and an extract from your letter to me in relation to this subject. I am pleased as this is not only the first but the most distinguished compliment paid to him from America. Other colonies, I hear, approving the thing, set on foot private subscriptions, a plan infinitely short of your's in nobleness and dignity. You may be assured, gentlemen, it shall be my earnest endeavor that your orders be obeyed in the completest manner possible. I have, since the receipt of your epistle, been employed in making the most diligent inquiry as to the repute and estimation in which the several artists in this way stand, and next in going to them to take a view of their works and to collect from their several opinions as well as to the manner in which your directions may be carried into execution, as to the price and the time requisite for finishing the same.

Rouvillac is dead; Risbach has left off business; of the several that remain, Mr. Wilton and Mr. Reid are of the first note and eminence. Both appear to have great skill, but the preference, I find, is given to the former. I have, therefore, made choice of him to give my orders to, to which I have been the rather induced, as he has signalized himself remarkably by a statue of Mr. Pitt, finished this spring, for the city of Cork, and admired by every body here before sent to Ireland. The city of Cork, when they asked the above favor of Mr. Pitt, begged his recommendation of the person he would choose it should be done by, and Mr. Wilton was honored therewith. In this gentleman's offices, I saw, likewise, two busts of him, to be sent to Ireland very shortly; and which, for likeness and workmanship both, are very greatly admired. I mention these circumstances that you may know the motives for the preference I have given—being myself extremely anxious to have your's finished in the most elegant style, though I have been a good deal perplexed notwithstanding, your letter not being sufficiently explicit where to be placed, this being a circum-

stance that must make a very material difference in the execution. If to be set in any room, or niche in any building, the figure must be less in size than if placed in a square or open area; so likewise the pedestal, in order to produce a good effect in the open air. These are the sentiments of Mr. Wilton, and of all the artists in general. At present I have given in your directions to have him at full length, in a speaking attitude and suitable dress, with a roll in one hand, inscribed Magna Charta, and a proper pedestal to it, that he may turn in his mind in what design to execute it. In the mean time I may learn either from some correspondent to the merchants of tolerable authority, or from persons who are lately come, or may arrive by the next vessels, what the idea and intention are at Charleston. As to the expense, I cannot send you any precise information. The artists vary in their accounts, but much must depend on the design. In general they talk of from five to eight hundred guineas, if it be set in an open square, which seems the noblest scheme. Till a model of the design is finished, there is no making any agreement with propriety, as that might be a means of limiting his fancy in the ornamental part about the pedestal. I don't find it practicable to finish the models of the statue and pedestal, and, afterwards, the marble therefrom, in less than fifteen or eighteen months. \*\*\*\*\*

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your very faithful and most obedient humble servant

CHARLES GARTH

I understand that the whole of Mr. Garth's correspondence, as agent of the colony, with the Provincial House of Commons, is in existence at Columbia.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the South Carolina Gazette, of the 6th of January, 1767, there is the following extract from a letter of the committee of correspondence to Charles Garth, Esq., dated Charleston, October 20th, 1766, in answer to the foregoing letter of Mr. Garth's. Says the committee:

"That concerning the statue of Mr. Pitt (now Lord Chatham), was taken immediately into

consideration, being the first business entered upon this meeting. It was then determined by the House to have it fixed in the most public part of our town, where two of the broadest and longest of our streets that run east and west and north and south, intersect each other at right angles, one of which is sixty, the other seventy feet wide, and both as straight as an arrow. In the cross-way of these two streets the statue is proposed to be erected, and will have our New Church, our New Market, the State House and Armory, all public buildings, at the several corners of it. Mr. Wilton's form, designed for an open space, is thought rather too stiff in its attitude. However, we have no additional directions to give on this matter, further than that you will consult the best connoisseurs, and have it finished in the most elegant manner, excepting that too great care cannot be taken to have the marble as hard, solid, and smoothly polished as possible, because of the many sudden and violent showers of rain that happen here in the summer time, and those frequently followed by such piercing and intense heat of the sun, as would (without such precaution) quickly penetrate into cracks and less solid parts, and, hereby, soon spoil the beauty of the statue."

There were two designs of the proposed statue by Mr. Wilton sent out to Charleston by Mr. Garth, which are now in the possession of that admirable artist and accomplished gentleman, Charles Fraser, Esq. The provincial House of Assembly became quite impatient for the arrival of the statue, for, on the 4th of July, 1769, they disagreed to a petition to retain it some time in England, and ordered it to be sent out to Charleston as soon as finished.

The supplement to the South Carolina Gazette of May 17th, 1770, contains the following paragraph:

"This day arrived here in the ship Carolina Packet, Captain William White, from London, in 38 days, the marble statue of that celebrated English patriot, the Right Honorable William

Pitt, now Lord Chatham, for which the Assembly of this province voted one thousand pounds sterling in the year 1766. It is a colossal statue, done by Mr. Wilton, highly finished and reckoned as complete a piece of sculpture as ever was done in England. When ready to be landed, we are told that the inhabitants of this town are determined to draw it themselves to the place where it is to be erected in the square between the State House, Guard House, St. Michael's Church, and the Public Market, the present Lord Chatham being equally respected by them with the former great Commoner."

Mr. William Adron came out in the same vessel to put up the statue.

"Last Tuesday morning (says the South Carolina Gazette of May 31st), about nine o'clock, the elegant marble statue of that true friend and undaunted assertor of the liberties of Britain and America, the Right Honorable William Pitt, done by Mr. Wilton, of London, was landed upon Charles Elliott's wharf, amidst a vast concourse of the inhabitants, many of them of the first rank and consequence, who received it with three hearty cheers, and, preceded by music, after a flag had been placed on the case, drew it, by hand, in fifteen minutes, to a shade prepared for its reception at the armory, where it is to remain until the foundation and pedestal are raised where it is to be erected. Nothing ever was conducted with greater order than this procession, and (except *some of the lookers-on who have been remarkable for distinguishing themselves* upon too many occasions) every one seemed highly pleased with the respect that was shown to the great patriot by such a reception of his statue. All the vessels in the harbor except three (one belonging to Leith, another to Dundee, &c.) displayed their colors upon this occasion, and St. Michael's bells would have been rang, but were stopped out of regard to Isaac Mazyck, Esq., a very worthy member of this community, who lives near that church, and lay extremely ill. When the statue was lodged, the inhabitants made a handsome present to the seamen belonging to the ship; and their thanks are due to the owners, who have refused to receive any freight for the statue and appur-

tenances, consisting of no less than fifty-seven heavy packages.

"Previous notice having been given that the statue of the Right Honorable William Pitt would be got ready to be raised this afternoon, early this morning all the vessels in the harbor hoisted their colors, and a flag with the words PITT AND LIBERTY, and a fine branch of laurel above it, was displayed at the scaffolding, upon a staff of forty-five feet high; and, this afternoon, in the presence of almost the whole of the inhabitants, the statue was raised and fixed in its place, without the least accident, by the Numbers 26 and 92, members of the Club No. 45, who had assembled themselves upon this occasion. As soon as it was fixed, twenty-six members of our Assembly ascended the scaffold, when the Hon. Peter Manigault, their speaker, was pleased to condescend to the request of the people, by proclaiming the inscription on the pedestal, which was in these words:

In grateful memory  
of his services to his country in general,  
and to America in particular,  
the Commons House of Assembly  
of South-Carolina,  
unanimously voted  
this statue  
of  
The Right Honorable William Pitt, Esq.,  
who  
gloriously exerted himself  
in defending the freedom of Americans,  
the true sons of England,  
by promoting a repeal  
of the Stamp-Act,  
in the year 1766.  
Time  
shall sooner destroy  
this mark of their esteem,  
than  
erase from their minds  
their just sense  
of his patriotic virtues.

St. Michael's bells rang. Joy sat on every countenance. As soon as this was done, Lord Chatham's health was drank, twenty-six cannon were fired by the artillery company, three huzzas succeeded. This evening, the Club No. 45, consisting of a great body of the principal inhabitants, are to meet at Messrs. Dillon and Gray's (at the old City Tavern, northeast corner of Broad and Church Streets) where an elegant



entertainment is provided for them, when the following forty-five toasts will be drank :

1. The King. 2. The Queen and Royal Family. 3. The Lieutenant Governor (William Bull) and the Province. 4. The Sons of Liberty throughout America. 5. The Glorious Ninety-Two. 6. The Unanimous Twenty-Six. 7. Our present Representatives. 8. The men who will part with life before liberty. 9. Lord Chatham. 10. Lord Camden. 11. Lord Rockingham. 12. Honor and influence to the friends of Britain and America. 13. The Duke of Manchester. 14. Lord Granby. 15. Sir William Meredith. 16. All honest, resolute and disinterested patriots. 17. Mr. Burke. 18. Sergeant Glynn. 19. Governor Pownall. 20. The Virtuous Minority of both Houses of Parliament. 21. Mr. Beckford, Lord Mayor of London. 22. The Sheriffs Townsend and Sawbridge. 23. Alderman Wilkes. 24. The Supporters of the Bill of Rights. 25. James Otis, Esq. 26. Daniel Dulany, Esq. 27. The Pennsylvania Farmer. 28. Success to all Patriotic Measures. 29. Christopher Gadsden, Esq. 30. Thomas Lynch, Esq. 31. John Rutledge, Esq. 32. Firmness and Perseverance in our Resolutions not to flinch a single inch. 33. Hon. Jonathan Bryan. 34. Hon. Henry Middleton. 35. Hon. Peter Manigault. 36. The Patriotic Merchants of America. 37. Hon. Judge Lowndes, who made the motion for the statue. 38. Charles Pinckney, Esq. 39. Miles Brewton. 40. Mr. Neufville, Chairman, and the General Committee of this Province. 41. Success to American Manufactures. 42. Property to the Lovers of Liberty only. 43. Our Lands free, our Men honest, our Women fruitful. 44. Judas's fate to the enemies of America. 45. May Wilkes always prove a scourge to tyrants and traitors, and be the glory of old England."—*South Carolina Gazette*, July 5, 1770.

The Club No. 45, mentioned above, was a popular one at this time in Charleston, and took its name from the famous 45th Number, of the North Briton, which occasioned Mr. Wilke's imprisonment. The Club celebrated his release in Charleston by an entertainment, at which they drank forty-five toasts, and broke up at forty-five minutes past twelve o'clock.

One or two of the above toasts, perhaps, at this time, require a little explanation.

The General Court of Massachusetts on the 29th of June, 1768, by a vote of of ninety-two to seventeen, refused to rescind, at the request of the king, a resolution, of the preceding session,

directing their speaker to send a circular letter to all the colonies requesting that they would join in dutiful petitions to the king for the redress of the grievances occasioned by sundry late acts of the British Parliament. These ninety-two were generally called and toasted as the Glorious Ninety-two Anti-Rescindors. When the House of Assembly for South Carolina met on the 7th of November, 1763, Mr. Peter Manigault, the speaker, laid before them the above-mentioned circular, signed by Mr. Cushing, as speaker of the General Court of Massachusetts, which received their unanimous approbation. The House, at this time, consisted of twenty-six members.

This measure was so displeasing to Lord Montagu, then governor, that he immediately dissolved the House by proclamation, although they had not been in session above three or four days. In his opening address to the House, Lord Montagu had acquainted them that his majesty considered this letter and proposition of Massachusetts to be of the most factious tendency, and calculated to promote an unwarrantable combination among the colonies.

Daniel Dulany belonged to Maryland, and had been Attorney-General of the Lord Proprietary of that colony.

Jonathan Bryan was a distinguished Whig of Georgia. The rest of the toasts speak for themselves.

The statue, which was surrounded by an iron railing that supported four lamps, remained at the intersection of Broad and Meeting Streets during the whole revolutionary war, unhurt by anything, except a cannon ball, which, during the siege of Charleston, in 1780, was

discharged from a British fort, on James Island, and which, ranging across Ashley River and along Meeting Street, carried off Mr. Pitt's right arm, extended as if in the act of addressing an audience. After the peace of 1783, carriages, for the conveyance of persons and goods, had increased so much as to require the statue to be removed from so public a thoroughfare. Jacob Milligan and others were employed to take it down.

This happened not long after the commencement of the French revolution, and the persons who were engaged in taking down the statue were supporters of French opinions, and favorers of the revolution; friends of France, and, consequently, hostile to William Pitt, who, at that time, was Prime Minister of England, and directing all the energies of his great intellect against France. With a petty malignity which savors of fierce democracy, their hostility to the son was extended to the statue of his illustrious father. It is thus described by Judge Drayton, in his memoirs, p. 60:

"They fixed their ropes around the neck of the statue (which was raised on a high pedestal), for the purpose, as they said, of obtaining a purchase by which they might erect the triangle, by whose assistance the statue was to be raised from the pedestal; and, after having gained the purchase, as they called it, and fixed blocks and tackles to a post at some distance at the side of the street, they commenced drawing the ropes with all their force. The event turned out as was expected, and of which they had been warned while in the act of applying the power; for, so soon as the triangle was raised a few degrees high, its weight, and the opposing angle it made to the upright position of the statue, overcame its fixture, and it was prostrated to the ground. By this fall, the head of the statue was

severed from the body, or was guillotined, as they were pleased to term it, and other parts of the body were mutilated."

The executioners, however, were not satisfied with the mere delight of beheading the effigy of this illustrious friend of America, for I find that the City Council paid Jacob Milligan four pounds, eleven shillings and six pence, for his services on this occasion. The City Council lost nothing by this expenditure; for they afterwards sold the stones, which composed the pedestal, to the late Judge Grimke, "at a fair valuation." Among these stones was the marble slab containing the inscription, which was placed, by Judge Grimke, in the wall of his garden on East Bay, where it remained for some time, until it was removed to be placed on the pedestal of the statue, when it was erected on its present site in the Orphan House yard.

The removal of the statue is noticed in the South Carolina Gazette of Friday, March 14th, 1794, in the following manner:

"Yesterday, the marble statue of the late Earl of Chatham, which had been standing for a number of years in Broad and Meeting Streets, was pulled down. The iron railing round it had been displaced a few days since. It is somewhat ominous to the *aristocrats*, that, in removing this effigy, the *head* was literally severed from the *body*, though without any assistance from the *guillotine*. A correspondent observes that the *executioners* showed no kind of contrition on this melancholy occasion; not even a *basket* was provided to receive the *head*; not a single person was observed to dip a handkerchief in the blood; nor will it be at all surprising if the body should remain without *interment* till the sound of the last *trump*. SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

## NOTES

A FALSE METHOD—It is a favorite method with some historical writers to argue from negatives, or, otherwise, to make the absence of positive knowledge the foundation of positive statement. A voyage, for instance, the performance of which involves no improbability, is vaguely mentioned by some old chronicler. "This cannot be true," argues the objector, "for the reason that we have no account of such a voyage." Ignorance is thus brought to the front, and made to do duty as positive knowledge. Otherwise, the argument would run, "We know that such a voyage as that in question did not take place, because we know nothing about it." This process is sufficiently absurd, yet it is often employed. It is argued that we have no formal account of a certain achievement prior to a certain date, and therefore nothing prior was done. Thus, taking it for granted that little or nothing is known with respect to pre-Columbian voyages to America, it is argued that Columbus was the first to lead the way to the New World. In the hurry to make out a case for some particular hero, they are unable to see the dimly outlined anterior performance, and out of the whole cloth of ignorance cut for themselves garments which they fancy they have fashioned out of the beautiful texture of positive truth. There is nothing more credulous than incredulity, and unbelief often demands a prodigious venture of faith.

PER CONTRA—As much, however, as may be said against scepticism in historic research, a great deal may be offered in

defence of well-grounded and thoroughly stiff doubt. In a sense, all progress is based upon doubt. Statements need to be looked into sharply, and whoever does his duty will seek to put the doubt with directness and force, wherever the doubt belongs, without regard to the feelings of families or communities that may be pained by the puncturing of some patent untruth. There is nothing that fibs like history, and the challenge is in order.

THE DE BRY PICTURES—The original sketches made for the illustration of De Bry's work are now preserved in the British Museum. Recently they have been photographed, and they will be used in illustrating a series of articles in *The Century* by Dr. Eggleston, who will treat the question of life and manners in connection with the early history of this country. These photographic reproductions are exceedingly interesting, and show a degree of faithfulness upon the part of the artist that the engravings in De Bry's work do not reveal. In fact the engraver engraved out much that was essential, so that while, for instance, a shad in the original sketch is at once recognized as a shad by a competent judge, in the engraved picture it is difficult to say what kind of a fish the artist intended to represent. If these photographs are faithfully followed, as presumably they will be, the forthcoming articles in *The Century* will add much to the interest now taken in De Bry, and prove a welcome addition to American history.

ETHAN ALLEN ONCE MORE—The charge that at one time Ethan Allen was on the point of becoming a traitor and

joining the British, has often been made, and, as some think, it has been substantiated. The Vermont explanation, as given by Hall, is that all this was a pretence on the part of Allen to deceive the British and gain time for the American cause. Mr. Hall denounced the conduct, of which he offered an explanation; but references to Allen are still turning up. In the present number of the Magazine (p. 201), in an article giving extracts from Sir Henry Clinton's "Private Intelligence," is the following significant entry: "By the best accounts Ethan Allen has not yet joined tho' much discontented."

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GONE TO TEXAS—The letters "G. T. T." used to signify "Gone to Texas." Bad characters, we have always been told, used to go there in great numbers; yet the leading article in the present issue on "The Colonization of Texas" seems to indicate that the early colonists were of a better class than often supposed.

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THE SARATOGA MONUMENT—The bill lately introduced into the New York Assembly, by Mr. D. S. Potter, of Saratoga Springs, appropriating \$15,000 for the proposed monument on the Saratoga battle-field, 1777, will, if passed, secure the completion of the project. The \$30,000 granted by Congress, added to the \$10,000 previously appropriated by the State, are evidence of the liberal disposition of both bodies. Something more, however, is needed, and will doubtless be secured by the new bill. The monument, it is known, is to stand about a mile west of the bank of the Hudson, near Burgoyne's last camp, and overlooking the field of

the surrender at old Fort Hardy. From Saratoga Springs the distance is twelve miles. The Monument Association has a clear deed to three acres of land purchased by private subscription, mainly through the efforts of the Secretary, Mr. Wm. L. Stone, Jr., and the monument has already made progress twenty-five feet from the ground. It will be obelisk in form, "with Gothic decorations," and have an altitude of one hundred and twenty-five feet. The designs, furnished by Mr. J. C. Markham, the architect, present a stately structure, worthy of the decisive event to be commemorated. It is expected that the present year will see the main shaft completed.

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CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—With reference to the first of the coming centennials of the Protestant Episcopal Church, this ancient edifice will be restored. Among the repairs and restorations designed are the following: The restoring to use again the ancient aisle floors, including therein the venerable tombstones, still in good condition (as was ascertained in an examination of some of them in October last, by lifting a portion of the present flooring), substituting for the old and worn brick pavement Minton tiles, thus removing the wooden flooring built over them in 1836. Among these stones are those covering the remains, among others, of the Reverend Robert Jenney, LL.D. (1762), and the Reverend Richard Peters, D.D. (1776), rectors of the church, the Reverend Nathaniel Evans, M.A. (1767), the Honorable Richard Warson, Esq. (1766), John Knight, Esq. (1733), John Roberts, merchant (1730), and those benefactors of



the church, Mrs. Mary Andrews (1761), and Thomas Venable, Esq. (1731), and Rebecca, his wife (1784). A memorial stone over the remains of Bishop White, which were laid under the chancel in 1870, is included in the plans, and is the gift of an unknown donor. The removal of the two western doors to the bay immediately east, where they were originally built, as shown by the brick mouldings and other evidences existing. The removal of the present cumbersome stairway to the galleries erected in 1836, and employing their place with the pews displaced by the new cross passage. Restoring the stairway in the south-east room, for access to the south gallery, and giving access to the north gallery by the school-house stairway. The removal of the pulpit from the north pier of the chancel (where it was placed in 1870) to its original site in front of the chancel arch, a little north of the middle aisle.

A BURGOWNE SPY—In a MS. order book for 1779, among court-martial proceedings confirmed by general orders, "Head Quarters, New Windsor, July 4th," is the following item: "Likewise Joseph Bettis was try'd for having been a spy for Gen' Burgoine, in the Service of the enemy by coming within the American Lines, in the State of N. York, in a Secret manner; and Returning again to the Enemies of the United States; & for having forg'd a certificate to facilitate the execution thereof: found guilty and Unanimously Sentenced to Suffer Death by being hung by the neck untill he be Dead.—The Commander in Chief confirms the foregoing sentences."

HARLEM HEIGHTS—On the gravestone of James Clark, buried at Lebanon, Conn., in 1826, is the inscription:

"He was a soldier of the Revolution and dared to lead where any dared to follow. The battles of Bunker Hill, *Harlem Heights* and White Plains witnessed his personal bravery."

He was known in later years as Colonel Clark.

THE RECORD OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH—This entry found in the family Bible, in his mother's handwriting, is as follows: "George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary, his wife, was born ye 11th day of February 1732, about 10 in the morning, and was baptized the 3d of April following. Mr. Beverly Whiting and Christopher Brooks God-fathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory God-mother." In those days the year commenced on the 25th of March. In 1750 the beginning of the year was changed by act of Parliament to the 1st of January, and the day following the 2d of September, 1752, was reckoned the 14th, omitting eleven days. The 11th of February, 1732, old style, is equivalent to the 22d of February, 1733, new style. The 22d of February was *first* celebrated as Washington's birthday in 1791, I believe, and was generally adopted by 1793; but I do not think that any historian has noted the fact that Washington was really born in 1733, and was really one year younger than always represented. This fact makes his career all the more remarkable. To illustrate: on October 31, 1753, when he was commissioned "to visit and deliver a letter to the Commandant of the French forces on the Ohio," Irving and others say "he



was not yet *twenty-two* years of age." He was not *twenty-one*, being only twenty years, eight months, and nine days old.

ALEXANDER BROWN

*Norwood, Virginia*

INDIANS—From the tabulations of the United States census of June, 1880, we gather some curious facts about Indians living in the larger centres of population. The enumerators have made minute distinction between full-blood and mixed-blood Indians, and though we would expect to find more of the latter than of the former in our largest cities, just the reverse is the case. The following figures show that the Indians are gradually gathering about the large cities, because they are sure to find there more steady work than elsewhere: Cook County, Ill., with *Chicago*, has 39 Indians and 4 mixed bloods; District of Columbia, with *Washington*, has 6 Indians; Baltimore County, Md., with *Baltimore*, has 10; Suffolk County, Mass., with *Boston*, has 21; Philadelphia County, with *Philadelphia City*, has 26; Chester County, just southwest of the above county, has 4; Hamilton County, Ohio, with *Cincinnati*, has 10; Westchester County, N. Y., has 14; Kings County, with *Brooklyn*, has 23; New York County, with *New York City*, has 44. The Long Island aboriginal population are largely mixed with negro blood, and show for Queens County, 25; for Suffolk County, 60 Indians. The whole of New Jersey State has 58 Indians.

M. S. GATCHET

A REMARKABLE CAREER—Dr. Green, in his collection of epitaphs from the old

burying-ground of Groton, Mass., gives the following:

"Sacred to the memory of Capt. ABRAM CHILD, who was born at Waltham, 1741, and died at Groton, Jan. 3, 1834, aged 93 years. He entered the army in the French War, at the age of 17 years. Was with Gen. Amherst at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point in 1759. He was a Lieutenant among the Minute Men, and aided in the Concord Fight and the Battle of Bunker Hill in 1775. Joining Washington, he was one of the Immortal Band which crossed the Delaware, Dec. 25, 1776, and turned the tide of war in the Victories of Trenton and Princeton. Detached to the North, he fought in the two Battles of Stillwater, and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777. Rejoining Washington, he bore equally the Frosts of Valley Forge and the Heats of Monmouth, in 1778. Detailed with Gen. Wayne, he Crowned his Military career by heading the Infantry as oldest Captain in the gallant capture of Stoney Point, in 1779, where he received the only wound that marked his eventful services."

GROTON

## QUERIES

THE SHARPLES PORTRAITS—The agent of the Sharples Washington portraits, which are again in this country on a brief tour of exhibition, is interested in ascertaining the number of copies of the pictures which the artist made and left in the United States. Four or five small copies of Washington as President, either in crayon or water-colors, are known to be in New York. Of Martha Washington

none are reported. Do any exist elsewhere?

Two of the three portraits, the recent arrival of which from England has been noticed by the daily press, are here for the first time since their execution. They are those of the President and his wife, painted in 1796. The other, of the General in military uniform, was on exhibition here in 1834, in company with Sharples' painting of "Stuyvesant's Army entering Sing Sing." It was at the solicitation of Washington Irving that they were sent over from England for a short period. The two additional portraits are of great value and interest, that of Martha Washington being especially noticeable for its strength and fidelity. The President's is a trifle less satisfactory, as compared with Stuart's portrait, which has become the traditional representation. All are worth a patriotic visit and critical inspection.

As to Sharples, it may be stated, what many will recall, that he was a well-to-do Englishman of artistic turn, who came to the United States in 1794 for the benefit of his health, "bringing with him orders and commissions to paint numerous portraits of officers and gentlemen, for their families in England." He painted portraits of the Washingtons, and executed in crayon those of many others. The originals of the former belong to an English family, in whose possession they are likely to remain for an indefinite period; but, for the gratification of all who wish to examine them, they are brought here for exhibition for a short time, and have been or are to be seen at New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, and possibly some other

cities. Autotype copies are offered for sale.

WOMEN IN CAMP—How far was it a practice for Revolutionary officers and soldiers to have their families in camp? What can be added similar to the following, taken from the original *MS.*?

"Return of the Women and Children (drawing rations) of the first N. Y. Regiment of foot.

Companies.	Women.	Children.
Light Company.....	4	3
First ".....	5	..
Second ".....	3	3
Third ".....	7	6
Fourth ".....	2	1
Fifth ".....	11	7
Sixth ".....	2	..
Seventh ".....	5	7
Eight ".....	5	5
Total.....	44	32

J. H. Wendell Adj. } Pompton 5 April  
1<sup>st</sup> N. Y. Regiment." } 82.

KITE FLYING—I have always been curious on the subject of kite flying, which is of great antiquity among the Chinese, whose translated literature, so far as I know it, does not give any explanation of the pastime. I have frequently asked myself if the kite represented a captive bird or a flock of birds. There is, however, in the new volume of the Smithsonian Institution devoted to Ethnology, at page 372, a pictograph of the Coyetero Apaches, found at Camp Apache, in Arizona, which represents a star with a circle in the middle, having attached eleven small round disks con-

nected with lines, the whole forming an exact representation of a star-shaped kite with a long tail of bobbins placed at intervals on the string. The explanation given is not very clear, but is of an astronomical character, the star being put for the sun. Now, does this figure represent the heavenly bodies, and is kite flying a conceit of the Chinese, who fancy that they are playing with the sun, moon, and stars on the days sacred to this sport in the Flowery and Celestial Kingdom?

KITE

POLLOCK, GEORGE, OF NEW ORLEANS, 1806-7—George Pollock, Justice of the Peace for the County of Orleans, took the deposition of Gen. James Wilkinson against Burr, at N. O., Dec. 26, 1806 (*Am. Register* 1, 110). Also that of T. H. Cushing, U. S. Army, in same case, May 20, 1807 (*Wilkinson's Mem.* II., App. XCII.). George Pollock's name also occurs January 24, 1807, on the Grand Jury of N. O., among many very prominent men, which found a true bill against General Wilkinson for the military arrest of James Alexander and Peter V. Ogden (*Am. Reg.* 1, 98). Can any one give any further information about this George Pollock?

HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN

THE PEACE OF 1783—Having duly commemorated nearly every incident, battle and skirmish of the Revolution from Maine to Georgia, it is proper to inquire whether any preparations are suggested or in progress to celebrate the conclusion of the treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States in 1783.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR—How comes he into our politics? The word "elector" could not have been continued from colonial use. Is it an importation, and imperial at that? In proposing that "electors" should elect the President, did the Constitutional Convention, or the mover in the case, have the German system in mind—the "Seven Electors"? Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, appears to have been the first to propose the electoral college. What new light can be thrown upon this point?

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT—Where is the original letter written by Tobias Lear, Washington's secretary, describing the latter's reception of the news of St. Clair's defeat in 1791, to be found? When published, and in what form or what periodical?

T.

WESLEY AS A BISHOP—One frequently finds reference to this subject in historical discussions. Can any reader of the Magazine explain the origin of the notion that Wesley in some way received episcopal consecration, or furnish the bibliography of the subject?

STILLINGFLEET

## REPLIES

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—This subject [VIII. 139, 156] is treated as though La Salle, while having no claim as the discoverer of the Mississippi, was, nevertheless, the person who discovered the three mouths of the "Father of Waters." Perhaps, however, this claim is the worst founded of all; since, for a period of nearly one hundred and sixty years prior to La Salle, the northern

shore of the Gulf of Mexico was familiar to the European explorers, together with ecclesiastics and members of various religious orders. The suggestion that Joliet was indebted to representatives of his own faith for that full knowledge of the river which he did not gain from personal examination, is in accordance with what we know of the history of exploration, though the knowledge he thus obtained must have resulted from explorations earlier than 1673. A glance at the maps of the Gulf of Mexico prior to this date will enable the student to appreciate the activity of explorers. Before 1503, the Portuguese were active in this connection. In 1521, Garay explored the northern shore of the Gulf, proceeding eastward nearly to Florida, being succeeded by De Soto. More than a hundred years before Joliet saw the Mississippi, Englishmen, who had been left on the Bay of Mexico by Sir John Hawkins, crossed the river close to its outlet. In fact, those who have studied the question only in connection with operations at the north have missed much of the interest. Such maps as that found at page 92 of the "*Histoire Universelle des Indes occidentales et orientales*," printed at Douay, in 1611, not to mention earlier editions, show conclusively that a great river was known to occupy what we now know as the valley of the Mississippi. It was called "Rio de S. Spirito," and extended far into the north, showing a general resemblance to the Mississippi and the Missouri. The "Rio Escardido," on the western side of the Gulf, answers to the modern "Rio Grande;" while, eastward, "Rio Canaveral" represents the "Alabama." Between the latter and "Rio

de S. Spirito" were three small rivers represented to-day by the "Tanquaphoa," the "Pearl," and the "Pascagoula." These delineations are rude, but they are similar in their character to what we might expect of one drawing a map of those rivers from obscure and tangled relations and rough sketches. Hence what was intended for the Alabama River appears almost as great a river as the "Rio de S. Spirito." This map goes so far as to indicate, though in a vague manner, the connection of the southern water-flow with one or more great lakes at the north. Yet, however rude the delineation, there can be no doubt but that nearly a century, at least, before Joliet, the existence of the Mississippi had been made known, it being perfectly well understood that two or more great streams rose in latitude 40 north and united at a certain point, rolling on a mighty tide to the Mexican Gulf.

Joliet, La Salle, and the rest of the French explorers beyond question were familiar with the well-known "*Histoire Universelle*," and when they found themselves on the Mississippi, they knew perfectly well that they were sailing on the waters of the "Rio de S. Spirito." These men did not pretend to be discoverers, and Joliet, after reaching the lower waters of the Mississippi, did not go on to the mouth, as he feared that he should fall into the hands of the Spaniards and their Indian allies, who were down at the mouth of the river, with which they had been familiar for more than a century, having delineated it upon their maps. It is clear from the inspection of maps of a Spanish origin of the period between 1521 and 1600, that the northern shore of the Gulf

had been explored many times, especially by men like Garay, who was in search of rich cities. Excursions were made into the interior by land, and longer ones by water, following the Mississippi and other streams. Much was thus learned from personal knowledge, while the Indians in their rude way completed the sketches of the country which the Europeans began. But why was not the existence of the river emphasized? This was simply because the time to attach value to the fact had not arrived. The explorers were in search of wealth, and it was not until later times that territorial jurisdiction and its advantages attracted the attention of France. Then arose the opportunity of Joliet, Marquette, Hennepin, and La Salle, who, by proclaiming the facts in the case, became famous. The early explorers did not care whether the Mississippi had one throat or three, though the good people of New Orleans are making as much ado over the matter as though the Father of Waters drank from the great salt gulf through threescore. The next time let us begin our investigation at the beginning, and prepare for a celebration of the *real* discoverers of the mouths of the Mississippi, when the discoverers are discovered.

DELTA

THE FRAUDULENT THEVET [VIII, 130]  
— In confirmation of the truth of the representation of Thevet already given, the testimony from his earlier work may be added. In his "France Antarctique," published in 1556, and translated into English in 1758, and now rare, he distinctly shows that he was taken sick in South America, was carried on board the ship, was sick all the way on the voyage,

and could scarcely walk when he reached France, and that he did not even land upon North America. Nevertheless, in his later work he forgets all this, and pretends that he made the acquaintance of New England and the North by actual exploration. The following extract, however, settles the whole question, as he did not approach either Florida or Canada:

"Seeing thus that in writing this discourse we have made mention of this land called *Florida*, although that in our retourne we approached not so neare, considering that our course lay not so low, never the less, we sayled close by to take an easterly wynde. It seemeth to me not out of the way, to write thereof some thing. Lykwise of the land of *Canada* that is next to it toword y<sup>e</sup> North, being only certaine mountaines betweene bothe. Therefore keeping our course of the height of new *Spaine* on y<sup>e</sup> right hand to attain to *Europe*, not so sure nor so right a course as we wished to have gone, we found the sea favorable enough. But as by chaunce I put out my head to beholde it," the sick man says, "I saw it as farre as I could extend my sight, all covered with herbs and floures, the which gave me occasion to think that we were nere to y<sup>e</sup> land, considering also y<sup>e</sup> in other places of y<sup>e</sup> sea I had not so much seene; notwithstanding I found myselfe frustrate of my opinion, knowing that they proceeded of y<sup>e</sup> sea, so we saw the sea strawed with those hearbs for the space of twenty 20 days." This was the "Sea of Saragossa" through which the monk sailed, and which he espied from his cabin window. Here let the "Explorer of New England," celebrated by Dr. Kohl, make his exit.



"THE OLD BENSON HOUSE" [VOL. V., 219]—This ancient formerly existing Harlem mansion, described in the note referred to, was stone-built mainly, but fronted with "Holland brick." It faced the south, was a story and a half in height, with low-running roofs, and had two square windows in each end. Mr. Sampson Benson, its owner and occupant, before, during, and after the Revolution for many years, died in 1821, at the age of about ninety. The old house—how old no one can tell—was totally demolished when Mr. Sampson B. McGown, the venerable grandson of Mr. Benson, built, about twenty years ago, the large and handsome brick house in which he now lives on three-quarters of the same site, using, however, some of the old stones of the former in its foundation. Col. De Voe is mistaken in the idea that the present house has any other feature of identity with its ancient Dutch predecessor, and that it has once been "turned around." The old mansion, seized by the British with the occupation of New York City, was appropriated and held for their army and hospital uses until the evacuation day. Then it was reoccupied by Mr. Benson, who, with his wife and two children, had retreated within the American lines, he to enter our army. His grist-mill, opposite the house—about where the Third Avenue corners on One Hundred and Sixth Street, north-westerly, and where was once a tide-water stream accessible by boats—was too patriotic in its work to stand, and so the enemy burnt it down. Mr. Sampson Benson McGown, born in Harlem, June 8, 1797, may now be properly regarded as the patriarch of that part of this great city. His father,

Andrew McGown, being quite a youth during the Revolutionary war, remained in charge of his aged mother on the family homestead. The British also occupied it, but permitted them to be co-inhabitants. Andrew McGown married Margaret Benson, and in 1794—the "yellow-fever year"—built him a house, which was lately consumed by fire with the Mount St. Vincent Convent, near the head of Central Park, where it stood, on his original lot of seven acres. To his son, the respected and intelligent citizen above mentioned, we are indebted for these facts.

W. H.

*New York, March 20, 1882.*

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY [VII. 457]—This New York society was incorporated April 6, 1807, by special act of the Legislature (Chapter 168 of Laws of 1807), which Act, by its own limitation, expired in 1822, and most likely the society went out of existence at the same time. The Act gave permission to the society "to purchase, take, receive, hold, and enjoy any real estate in fee simple or for term of life or lives, etc., etc., for the purpose of enabling them the better to carry into effect the benevolent purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed." The clear yearly value of their real and personal estate was not to exceed \$2,000.

B. F.

*Albany, N. Y.*

GENERAL MORGAN—A note to the biographical sketch of Major-General Philemon Dickinson [VII. 427] reads as follows: "Headley says *General Daniel Morgan*, of Princeton, was Conway's second, but this is denied by the latter's

family." This is a mistake. Headley [II. 192] says: "When arrived at the appointed rendezvous, Cadwalader accompanied by General Dickinson of Pennsylvania, and Conway by Colonel Morgan of Princeton." This confounding of General Daniel Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens, with Colonel George Morgan of New Jersey, is quite common. In the *General Index to the Documents relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York* (p. 429), the following reference is made: "Morgan, colonel Daniel, appointed Indian agent, VII., 983; his rifle-men harass the British army, VIII., 731." Here Colonel *George* Morgan, the Indian agent, is mistaken for Colonel *Daniel* Morgan, the commander of the famous rifle battalion. In the index to *Lossing's Field-Book of the War of 1812*, p. 1081, is the following reference: "Morgan, Daniel, General, 1033." On turning to page 1033, I find it is General *David* Morgan who is mentioned. In *Holmes' Annals of America*, II., 486, in the list of deaths for 1817, John Morgan is mentioned, and in a note it is stated: "General John Morgan was of Morganza, Washington County, in Pennsylvania." It was really Colonel *George* Morgan, formerly of New Jersey.

I. C.

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### SOCIETIES

WISCONSIN STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY—This society, which was organized in 1849, and reorganized in 1854, has a rare and valuable library of not less than 100,000 volumes in its rooms in the Capitol at Madison. They represent nearly every subject in art, science, and general

literature. The collection is especially rich in the early history of the Northwest, and in books relating to Indian tribes that once lived within the borders of the State. Among other treasures, there are 5,000 files of newspapers from every part of the country, including Benjamin Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette* from 1739 to 1763. The society has published eight volumes. In the extent of its library, the society is exceeded only by two of the eighty historical societies of the country—the Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, Mass., and the New York Historical Society. By an extension of the Capitol, the society hopes to obtain—what it needs—better and larger accommodations.

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RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—On the evening of the 21st of March, a meeting was held at Providence, to take action in reference to the death of the Hon. Zachariah Allen, the President of the society. Addresses were made by Prof. William Gammell, Ex-Governor Hoppin, Bishop Clark, James N. Arnold, Hon. Chas. E. Carpenter, Judge Stiners, J. E. Lester, Esq., and a suitable minute was presented and adopted. Mr. Allen had reached the age of eighty-six years and six months, and had been a member of the society since 1822. He was one of the most prominent men in the State of Rhode Island, and had been distinguished in many departments of life. He graduated at Brown University, studied both medicine and law, was the author of a number of books, especially upon science and mechanical philosophy, was a manufacturer widely known, and was universally honored and respected.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW died at Cambridge, Mass., Saturday, March 25th, in his 77th year. A notice of the Poet's relations to American History will appear in the next issue of the Magazine.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1879-1880. By J. W. POWELL, Director. 8vo, pp. xxxiii, 603. Washington: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, 1881.

This book is, necessarily, unfortunate in its title, which is almost repellent, suggesting, as the word "Report" does, some musty publication composed of dreary and comparatively worthless compositions, like those often run through more than one official press, simply to create a "job," and reflecting nothing beyond the calm incapacity of the projector. This, however, is a work of a very different kind, the bulky volume being filled with valuable and interesting material, reflecting wide study and investigation, and showing everywhere an enthusiasm for scientific and antiquarian research seldom excelled. The report proper is confined to a few pages, the volume really being made up of what are called the "Accompanying Papers." "The Evolution of Language," which is the first in order, is by Mr. Powell, who also furnishes "A Sketch of the Mythology of the North American Indians," a paper on the "Wyandot Government," and a discussion relating to "Limitations to the Use of some Anthropological Data." Dr. H. C. Yarrow presents "A Further Contribution to the Study of Mortuary Customs of the North American Indians," while "Studies in Central American Picture Writing" are presented by Prof. E. S. Holden. Mr. C. C. Boyce follows with a short article on "Cessions of Lands by the Indian Tribes to the United States," and Col. Mallery with the "Sign Language among the North American Indians," occupying about three hundred pages. An "Illustration of the Method of recording Indian Languages" is presented in connection with the manuscripts of the Rev. J. O. Dorsey, Mr. A. S. Gatschet, and the Rev. S. R. Riggs.

The article on Mortuary Customs is accompanied by no less than forty-seven illustrations, all of them good, and a number being handsome chromo-lithographs, which add greatly to the appearance of the volume. The treatise on Sign Lan-

guage has two hundred and fifty illustrations, and that on the Maya Hieroglyphics fourteen, several of which are double page. Indeed no pains or expense have been spared in producing this rich and elaborate volume. In itself it well nigh forms a library of aboriginal history and antiquities, the value of which cannot well be questioned; since we must study the beginning of things, if we wish to know the probable end, as the voyage of life by any people must be calculated like that of a ship, whose course is governed by her departure. Ethnology is a science which makes known the origin of races and peoples, and its study is a failure when the sources are not systematically searched for. There is a great deal of dust and rubbish to be dealt with in this connection, but the aim is not to admire the rubbish or adore the dust. The study of antiquity, when rightly understood, is a practical pursuit, and the intelligent student knows how to make the thought of the present rich by research in connection with the distant past. By such a publication the Smithsonian Institution justifies its name and foundation, offering, as it does, a contribution so eminently calculated to diffuse useful knowledge.

In treating within a small space a work of this magnitude, however, and one combining so large a number of minute details, it would be useless to attempt anything like critical examination, especially as some of the topics carry us into those remote and comparatively untrodden fields of investigation where the authors themselves must, in the main, be the judges of their own performance.

It may be remembered that in 1879 Congress abolished the various geographical and geological surveys, but provided for the continuance of anthropological work under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. This is the first report under that provision. The present plan of organization contemplates the prosecution of research by the direct employment of scholars and specialists, and by inciting and guiding research conducted by co-operative workers throughout the country. It being held that sound anthropological investigation must have its foundation in language, the results embodied in this volume are largely linguistic. The *pièce de résistance*, however, is that on sign language, the Greeks, Chinese, Peruvians, Neapolitans, and others, being drawn upon in illustration of the subject in connection with the North American Indians. There is a separate treatment of signals, which are confined to those of the Indians, though it would be curious in this connection to notice some of those used by the Northmen when on the American coast in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and notice the agreement with those of the Eskimo when John Davis entered Greenland. In popular interest, the reader will find the discussion of Mortuary Customs quite equal to that of the Sign Language, the subject being brilliantly illustrated.

The volume, however, is so full of interest that it is almost invidious to particularize, for every department shows much sincere and disinterested devotion and an enormous amount of patient hard work. In the preface Mr. Powell gives us a hint of what we may expect in future volumes for which the preparations are well advanced.

**METHODISM OLD AND NEW, WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF ITS EARLY PREACHERS.** By J. B. HANIGEN. With illustrations and appendix. 16mo, pp. 294. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. Philadelphia, 1880.

The term Methodist was originally applied in England to a sect known as Anabaptists, as an epithet of derision. In the year 1829 a few young men, at Oxford University, lamenting the low condition into which the Church of England had sunk, and seeing that on every side the practice and precepts of the Gospel had fallen into desuetude and contempt; that the high places in the Church were held by men whose daily life and conversation was a scandal to their calling; that the great ones of the state lived in open defiance of the rules of Christian morality and common decency; that the masses of the people, ignorant, degraded, and poor, with no outlook for advancement, nothing to hope for but a life of privation and toil, hanging on the verge of starvation—turned to the study of the Sacred Scripture in the original tongues, endeavoring to find in the lofty sources of inspiration a remedy for the ills they felt themselves powerless, unaided, to correct. Their fellow-students revived the old term of reproach and called them Methodists. That name, once significant of the scorn with which the feeble strivings of a despised few were viewed, is now the proudly borne title of one of the most numerous, influential, and powerful bodies of Christians, which has on the head roll of its apostles and leaders men whose genius, powers, and labors, though they have gone to their well-earned repose, are yet present to their followers and to Christians of all denominations. Among living members are included many whose deeds and examples show that the faith of their fathers has lost none of its vital force. This volume, full of information, and with a statistical appendix, must prove of interest and value to a circle of readers not limited to the Methodists alone. \*

**MY COLLEGE DAYS.** By ROBERT TOMES. 16mo, pp. 211. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1880.

Dr. Tomes in this pleasant little volume tells with spirit and vivacity the story of his student-life, from his early days at Columbia College Grammar School, where he sat at the feet of the

late Professor Charles Anthon, so well known to generations of New Yorkers. He takes us to the most unclassical shades of Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, where he graduated. Resolved to pursue the study of medicine, he sought instruction in the University of Pennsylvania, and not satisfied with the opportunities of that school, crossed the water and took up his abode at Edinburgh, where he matriculated and took a degree. The book abounds with anecdotes of distinguished persons whom he there met and knew, and is piquant throughout with sallies of sly humor and kindly sarcasm, which has called forth vehement protest and remonstrance from partisans of Trinity College, and others who claim to be aggrieved or underrated from their own personal point of view. W. C. S.

**THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER.** No. CXLII. Vol. XXXVI. January, 1882. Boston: 18 Somerset Street.

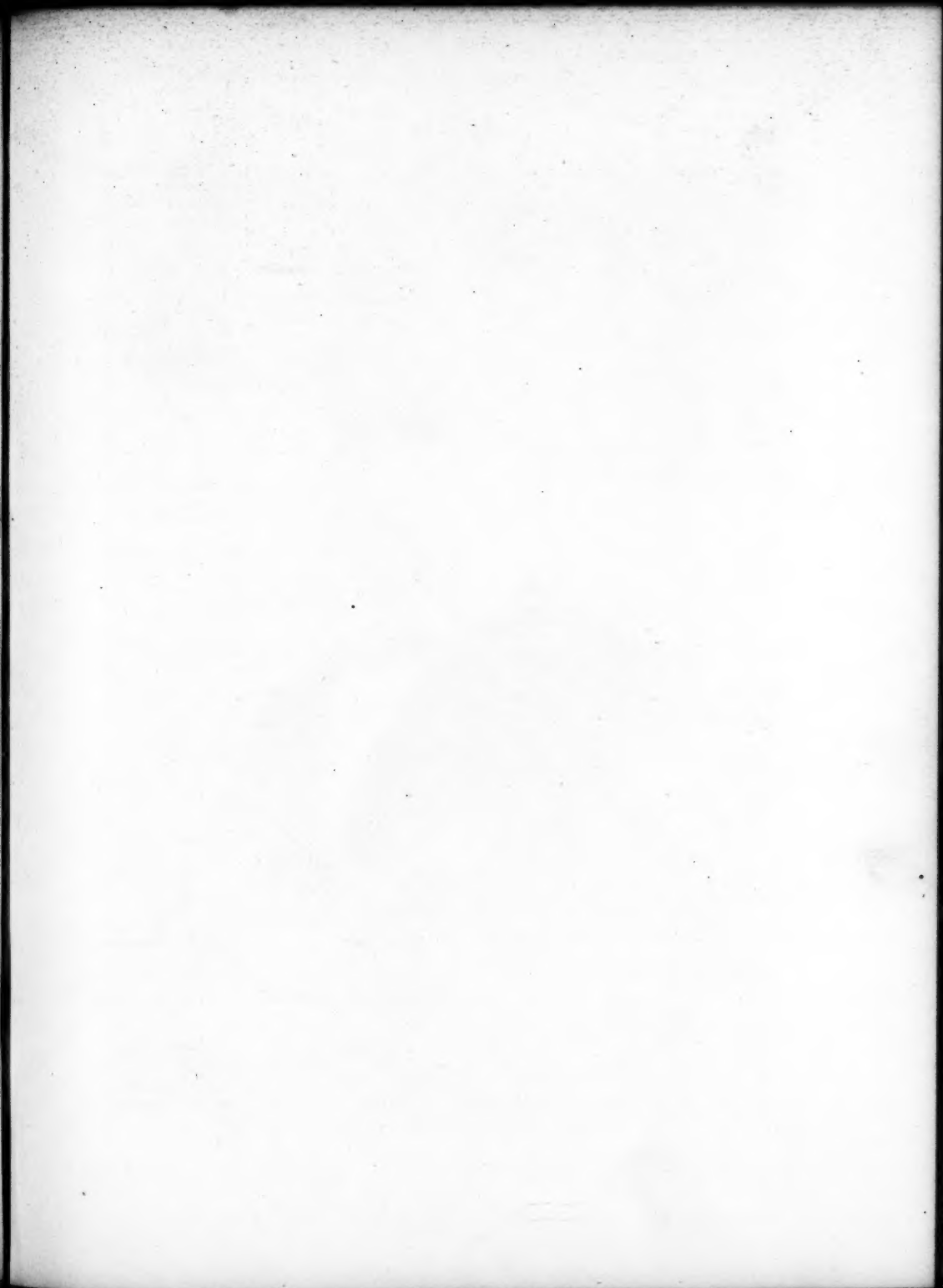
This publication now enters upon its thirty-sixth year under the editorship of Mr. John Ward Dean, Librarian of the society that brings it out. The Register is too well known to need any commendation, standing as it does in an unrivalled position and with a field peculiarly its own. The present number shows a varied table of contents and maintains its long-established character for interest and value.

**ARTICLES ON ANTHROPOLOGICAL SUBJECTS, CONTRIBUTED TO THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION FROM 1863 TO 1877.** By CHARLES RAU. 8vo, pp. x, 169. PUBLISHED BY THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Washington, 1882.

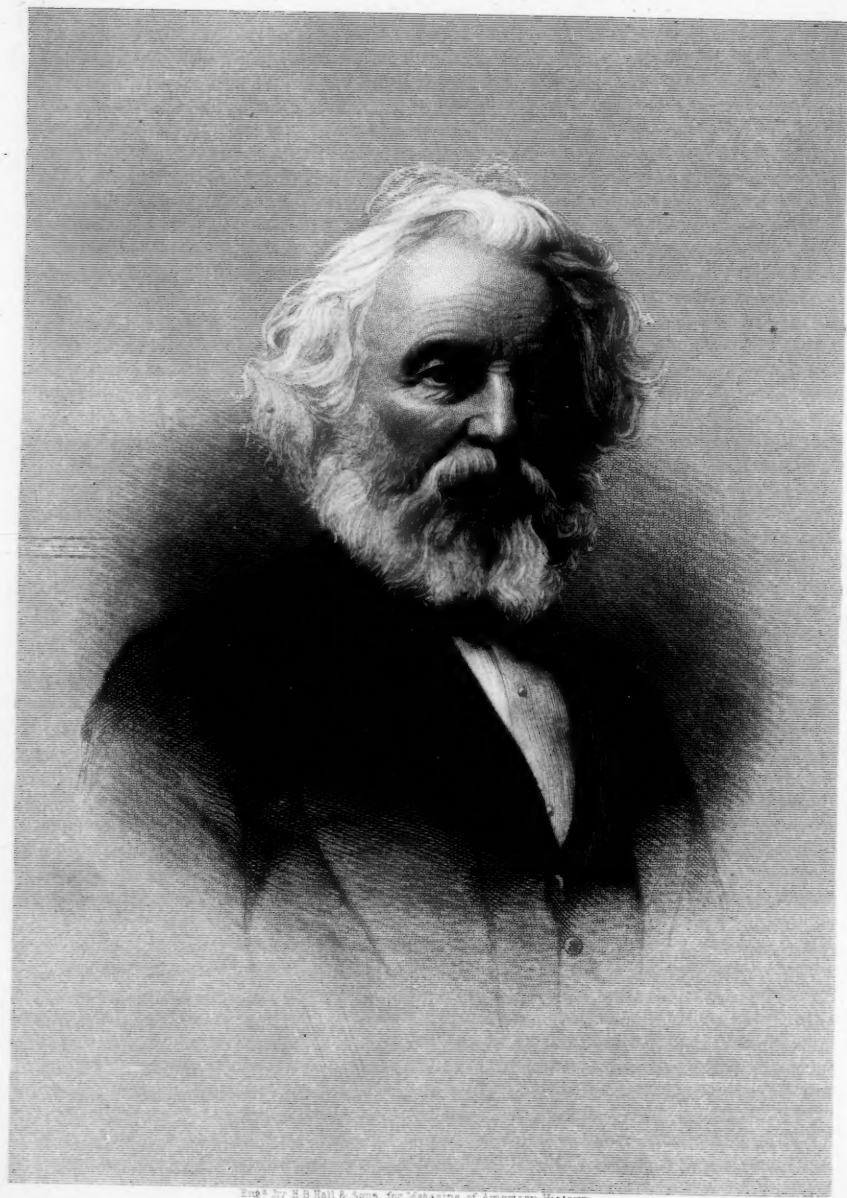
This publication contains articles treating of the Aboriginal Inhabitants of the California Peninsula, Agricultural Implements of the Stone Period, Artificial Shell Deposits in New Jersey, Indian Pottery, Ancient Aboriginal Trade in North America in Metals, Stone, Shells, and Pearls, and many other topics. The student will be glad to have these valuable articles in their collected forms.

**ZUÑI AND ZUÑIANS.** By TILLY E. STEVENSON. 8vo, pp. 30.

This monograph appears to have been printed at Washington, and is fully and handsomely illustrated. It gives an interesting account of a curious place and people in New Mexico, and is every way worthy of attention on the part of the antiquary.







Engr. by R. B. Hall & Sons, for Magazine of American History.

Henry W. Longfellow

## MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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### THE MEMORIAL HISTORY OF BOSTON

THE conclusion of such a work as the Memorial History of Boston may justify notice, it being of an exceptional character, and worthily rounding the quarter-millenary period. The last of the four sumptuous volumes dedicated to Boston's remarkable history possesses substantially the same features that characterize its fellows, combining elegant letter-press with interesting and valuable illustrations, the composition of the various monographs showing capacity, good taste, and full general knowledge, though there are some things to which exception may be taken. The work and the subject are almost equally unique, neither having any true prototype.

For two hundred years, but more especially during the last century, Boston has been engaged in making up for neglected opportunities. Though modern in comparison with many cities of the old world, Boston is not to be rated with any of the mushroom cities of the West that have proceeded with a bound from wigwam and log cabin to marble or brown stone. Boston has grown by slow and easy stages from the original thatched roof and wooden chimney to the massive, palatial fire-proof. The same is true of the mental and moral development, and much of the progress has been made in the face of prejudice, stubbornly fought and conquered.

Boston began with an enormous, but not useless, mistake. The early colonists separated themselves from the old world by a violent wrench, casting aside its social life and religion, well-nigh turning their backs upon European civilization, and essaying in the new world something severely original. Their ideal was not realized, and the savage himself, who was driven from the peninsula of Shawmut, did not look with more regret to

<sup>1</sup> The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630-1880. Edited by Justin Winor, Librarian of Harvard University. In 4 volumes. Vol. IV. : The Last Hundred Years. Part II. Special topics. Issued under the business superintendence of the projectors, Clarence F. Jewett. pps. 713. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1881.